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Number 1

The Grail



THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR—Raphael

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family—national in scope—is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

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Donations for Poor Students

We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Bursar of \$5,000 is a *perpetual* fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. The capital always remains intact. When one student has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

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Rev. Leo Fleming, Detroit, Michigan; Mr. Charles E. Eagle; Mr. Charles E. W. Griffith; Mrs. Ellen Howard.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

THANKSGIVING

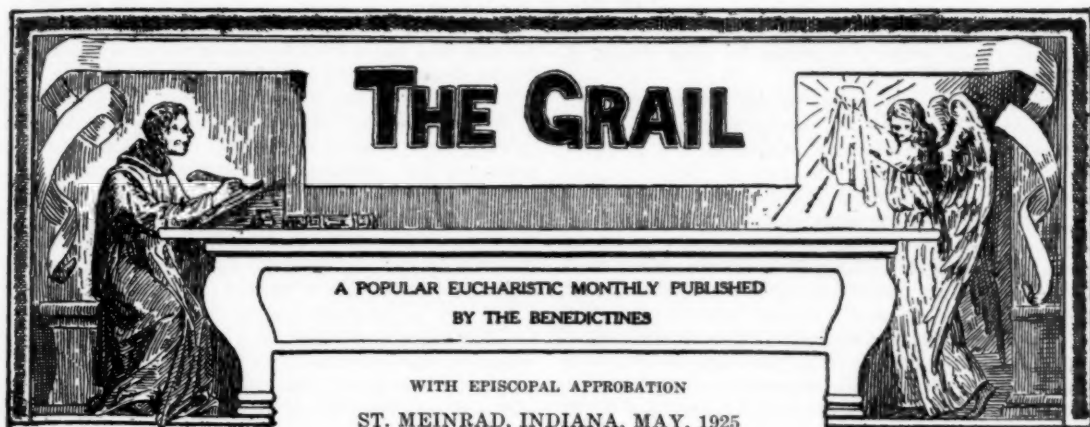
Sincere and grateful appreciation is offered to Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament, to Bl. Theresa the Little Flower, and to St. Jude Thaddeus, in response to prayer for two sick children who were very ill.

May

NANCY BUCKLEY

How sweet the flowers bloom today—
The roses and the daffodils;
How musical the ceaseless play
Of little winds on sparkling rills.

Oh, surely Mary breathes on earth
Some fragrant beauty of her own,
Some treasures fair of joy and mirth
She keeps for her bright month alone!



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Month of Mary

Every devout child of Mary hails with delight the month of May, which is also the month of Mary, and the month of flowers. How eagerly the sweet-scented, tender flowers are gathered each day to ornament the shrines of Our Blessed Mother.

Not only should the Catholic home not be without a statue or a picture of Mary but these statues and pictures should be honored by all the family. In May, for instance, fresh flowers should adorn these statues and pictures; a candle or a votive lamp might also burn before them while the family recites the litany, the rosary, or other prayers in honor of the Queen of Heaven. Where there is musical talent a hymn might be sung too. Such practices of piety are pleasing to God. By honoring the Mother we honor the Son. Devotion to Mary opens up an easier way to the heart of her Divine Son. The saints assure us that those who practice faithfully some devotion in honor of Mary will not be lost. All the saints, as well as all the other holy men and women, have practiced a tender devotion to Our Blessed Lady.

But not only to the pious and the devout has Mary been an object of special devotion in prayer. Poets sing her praises and painters portray her charms. Among others, Raphael, prince of painters, has left us many Madonnas. Of these none, perhaps, is more attractive than the "Madonna of the Chair," a reprint of which adorns the front cover of this issue. "The whole of maternal love," says the Catholic Encyclopedia, "seems to be enclosed within the perfect circle of this picture. It is the perfection of *genre* pictures, wherein the most ordinary human life reaches its noblest expression, a universal beauty." The model for this celebrated work of art was only a peasant woman in peasant dress with the national kerchief on her head.

Raphael Santi, born early in 1483 and died on April 6, 1520, was one of the world's greatest artists. Living during the golden age of painting, he produced many masterpieces, which for nearly five centuries have shown forth his skill and genius. After a short, but devout,

life, Raphael, whose specialty was religious art, died fortified by the sacraments of the Church.

Thanks from India

Many of our readers will recall that last year we published in the July number of *THE GRAIL* a letter from the Rt. Rev. Angelo Poli, Bishop of Allahabad, India. The good Bishop mentioned that his priests were without Mass intentions and that they were offering up their Masses for the souls in Purgatory. Through the generosity of a few of our readers we were enabled to send Bishop Poli a gift of \$5.00, besides \$88.00 for Masses, of which \$60.00 were for two Gregorian Masses. The remainder were for specified intentions.

Under date of March 8 Bishop Poli writes, asking: "How can I express my gratitude to you and the benefactors who have so generously helped my missionaries and myself with eighty-six Masses and a donation of \$5.00? May our Blessed Lord reward you and them richly and abundantly as He alone can do. The Masses will have been said before this reaches you, including the Gregorian Masses, which two priests are now saying.

"If you remember us also when you have Masses to spare, be assured you will be conferring on us and on our work a very great boon.

AN ADMIRER OF THE I. E. L.

"Of course I am interested in the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom, and have followed with keen interest the accounts which have appeared in your esteemed monthly, 'The Grail.' I am sure I would be able to get a good number of English-speaking persons to join the League if you were to send me some leaflets for distribution, and about 300 certificates of admission. And to draw God's blessing on the movement in my mission, I shall be the first to join the League, and hereby promise to say a Mass yearly 'ad tollendum schisma' and beg of you to kindly register my name as a member of the League.

"With a renewal of best thanks for the Masses, and for 'The Grail,' which we continue to enjoy, and assur-

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ing you of our prayers in return for your charity, I remain," etc.

We trust that the perusal of this letter may move many, like Bishop Poli, to become active members of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom.

Situated as he is in the midst of many millions of pagans, and knowing by experience the great difficulties to be encountered in bringing about the conversion of these vast multitudes, Bishop Poli sees the urgent need of an association like the League for spreading the Light of Faith. Hence his request to be enrolled as a member of the League, which is a union of prayer that all may be one in Christ:—that there may be union and harmony among Catholics themselves, that the non-Catholic denominations may return to the unity of Faith with us, and that the pagans and heathens—all unbaptized men, women, and children may become Christians—which is the threefold intention of the I. E. L. All that is required of members is a brief offering each day, an occasional Communion received and Mass heard. Why should you join the League? To help make all men one in Christ. For this the Savior prayed. Do not ask with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Perhaps you are to greater extent than you imagine. The salvation of your fellow men may depend more on your individual efforts and good example than you think. For membership in the League apply to the editor of THE GRAIL.

Another missionary in India, likewise a reader of THE GRAIL, who says that he will feel much obliged if we continue sending him our monthly, also speaks of his efforts on the other side of the globe to win souls to Christ. It is the Rev. F. Hilarion, C. D., who has just been transferred to a new field where he has the "same work for conversion of the infidels. I intend," he continues, "to open a new mission at Kudakuchery where there are many poor men of Pulaya Caste to be converted. A school must be established and a catechist should be employed. Please find some generous gentlemen, or ladies, to help me in this good work of conversion." If a ray of our metaphorical lantern should happen to strike some such generous souls, let them extend a helping hand, knowing that a reward is laid up for them in heaven. They have only to reach for it and it is theirs.

Sao Bento

From India our attention is directed to our sister republic of Brazil in South America. In the city of São Paulo there is an ancient Benedictine abbey of São Bento (St. Benedict), which dates back to 1590. A priest of that abbey, a North American, by the way, and an old acquaintance of ours, writes that the church of São Bento, the abbey, and the college are all fine new buildings—and the photographs that he sent us bear him out in his statement—the church, in fact, is said to be the finest in Brazil. But what can one do with fine buildings when a community is not large enough for its own purposes. Vocations seem to be more rare beyond the equator than they are with us. It is for vocations,

for men who feel within themselves a call to the Benedictine Order, that the appeal is made.

The College of São Bento, which for lack of priests is taught by laymen, has 600 students, but it could just as easily have as many thousand if there were sufficient priests in the community. Contrary to the ordinary appeal, funds are plentiful here but there are not sufficient subjects to carry on the great work. Recently the Holy Father asked the Benedictines of São Bento Abbey to open a university. Lack of men, however, makes this impossible at present.

Not only is São Paulo a large city (of some 400,000) but it is growing very rapidly. Protestant preachers, complains our informant, are working mischief there among the immigrants and doing much harm by their efforts at proselytizing. If only their energy were spent on the pagans, one should not be inclined to find fault with them. But, however good their intentions, the work of dechristianizing and making confusion more confused, works havoc with immortal souls.

Our correspondent has written in the hope that his appeal might stir up among his fellow countrymen of North America vocations to his abbey and the great work it is given to accomplish.

Vocations Wanted

Next to Baptism, as the saints teach, vocation to the religious life is the greatest grace God can bestow upon anyone. Among children whose pious mothers have fostered in them a love for God and for spiritual things we find the most vocations to the religious state and to the priesthood. At St. Meinrad's Abbey, where the Benedictine Fathers devote their lives to training young men for the religious state and for the priesthood therein, vocations are wanted. Applicants who wish to become priests or brothers in religion will be welcomed. The need is urgent.

Letters reach us continually from Germany and Austria, expressing thanks and gratitude for even small amounts of alms and Mass intentions, which we were able to send, through the generosity and charity of friends of THE GRAIL and of the *Paradieses Fruechte*, to poor and needy people and priests in great distress, begging us also for God's sake not to withdraw our helping hand from their poverty. So please help and be assured of your great reward in this world and especially in heaven.

X.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

Why are They Best Sellers?

An optimistic author recently put these two questions: Why do so many modern novels portray bad, unhappy marriages, or violations of the marriage vow;

and why are these novels the best sellers? We agree that most marriages are ordinarily happy and that the partners to them are faithful. Our novels, then, certainly do not picture life by picturing the evil exception.

Popularizing Catholic Authors

In Germany an organization has been formed to spread Catholic books among the people. This is a movement for the spread of Christ's kingdom. We need such a movement in this country to put Catholic authors in public libraries and reading rooms and, especially, to spread Catholic literature among our own people. Who will start it?

Lent and Dancing

Catholic young people do not go to dances in Lent. That is praiseworthy. May we not ask them, now that Lent is over, if they did not find it easier in that time to avoid evil and to overcome temptation? Does much dancing mean greater or less purity of mind and heart?

Another Hole in Prohibition

A disastrous tornado recently swept through our neighborhood. Hundreds were killed and thousands injured. Among the things deemed necessary for the care of the injured was whiskey. Did everyone then protest that whiskey is the devil's drink, the poison of mind and body, man's greatest enemy? Evidently not, for federal authority was given to bring a large truck load of it to the stricken places. The same thing happened some years ago during the influenza epidemic. Thus is hypocrisy written on the face of our dear country, the fact remains that the United States inwardly believes a thing, but outwardly is forced to proclaim its contrary. The shame of it!

Where?

The following thought, clipped from the *Brooklyn Tablet*, speaks for itself:

"Where are we going to night?"

Many homes are motivated by that inquiry.

When father gets through dinner, he asks, "Where are we going tonight?"

Before mother gets through the evening work, she wants to know: "Where are we going tonight?"

If son is past eighteen he does not ask at home, because he has already asked his boy and girl companions: "Where are we going tonight?"

If daughter is beyond sixteen, she and her escort or her girl friends have all answered to their own conclusive satisfaction and without any authority of review by parent or guardian: "Where are we going tonight?"

"And if this keeps on, the first speech of the babe after it is weaned will be 'Where are we going to night?'"

Any careful observer can tell where that kind of a home is going—perhaps not tonight, but after a succession of feverish nights. And any student of history can

tell where the country is going eventually which is made up of that kind of homes.

May—Vocation Month

The crusade for vocations during the month of Our Lady has taken on large proportion. It should be entered into by every parish, religious community,—nay, every family in the country.

We must consider the great and ever growing need the Church has of religious priests, brothers, and sisters. Educational, charitable, missionary, and other pious works are left almost entirely to them. From everywhere comes the appeal for more teachers, missionaries, and nurses who are religious. How will this terribly pressing need be filled if religious communities be not increased by new vocations?

THE HARVEST

The touching words of Our Savior still hold true: "The harvest, indeed, is great, but the laborers are few." And what is this harvest? Souls, immortal souls. Souls that can be won by the immense influence of the work of religious. We have many religious indeed; but nevertheless the number of them is extremely small compared to the wide field of work laid out for them.

PRAY

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest." If we have a real spirit of faith and a real desire for the spread of the kingdom of God, we should use prayer, the most powerful means, to bring more laborers into His harvest, to increase the number of vocations. This is the principal part of the crusade, one in which all can have a glorious share. Novenas, May devotions, Communions, Holy Mass, special prayers—especially public and in common among the young,—with these and such like other prayers should we storm heaven for the increase of vocations.

A BLESSING

Consider what a blessing a religious vocation is. For the individual it means entering on the way of perfection, following Christ as one of His chosen few, entering a life of peace, security, solid joy; a life of merit in the highest service to our fellowmen; and, finally, assuring to himself perseverance in God's grace, a happy death, eternal salvation. This is saying much; but it is saying no more than Our Lord said to those who leave all and follow Him: "He shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting."

To have a religious in the family brings numerous blessings to that household. Saints do not hesitate in promising salvation to parents who thus give up a child to God. What an honor to give back to God's exclusive service at least one of the children He has given to you!

AND YET—

Can it be possible? Indeed it is sadly true that there are Catholics so weak in faith, so much taken up with

the world and so guided by its principles as either to refuse when God asks a child of them for His work; or to hinder, to belittle, or to make light of such a sublime calling. Can they be ignorant of the fact that to prevent one from following a religious vocation involves a serious matter, can easily be a grievous sin? Let parents and teachers and those who have children in charge rather consider the blessedness of that state and vocation, and they will eagerly fall in with this great crusade, will do all in their power to promote vocations.

Bruges in Late Winter

(Near the Minnewater)

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Though Winter reigned, he had forgot
This olden town and lake;
A magic charm hung o'er this spot—
Young Springtime seemed awake.

On right, on left, peaked houses rose,
Against the evening air,
Silent and calm in their repose,
Rose-red as roses fair.

A wondrous mirror the waters were,
As though by angels given;
No ripple did its silver stir—
It lay a bit of heaven.

Two bridges o'er its heart were slung,
For man to vision there,
The heavens blue which God had flung,
Lying a poem, a prayer.

One bridge led to a garden-close—
God's Town, the Beguinage,
Where plenteous peace lies waiting those
His ritual to discharge.

In quietness these pass their days,
Safe from Sin's dark abode,
Linking to life and work Love's praise—
Their rosary of God.

The other bridge to ramparts passes,
Nigh where fair waters stream
Betwixt its banks of verdurous grasses,
Gold-green 'neath the sun's gleam.

The centuries halt, time stays his tread,
When they come to this town;
And from His casement overhead,
God smiles as He looks down.

Darkness was now come softly winging,
Leading its birdlet-stars,
Its mother-pinions o'er all flinging
That rest which sleep unbars.

Faith's Telescope

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Man's wondrous eye with double lens, as though
With winged feet of Mercury supplied,
Through space darts upward to a point espied
Upon the azure canopy. Below
The body leaving, swiftly does it go
To wander midst the diamonds, far and wide
O'er heaven strewn, or on the moon's broad side
Where sun-forged beams are cooled to mellow glow.

Yet farther still and more does faith's eye see.
For through the crystal of the monst'rance bright
Its God it can behold—Infinity;
The Fountainhead of uncreated Light,
Where past and future in eternity
Are focused for our raptured soul's keen sight.

The Seven Ages of Speed

MYRTLE CONGER

1. OUR GREAT-GREATGRANDFATHERS: "Fine yoke of oxen, mine. Never saw a better pair. And speedy, too. Can make three to four miles an hour with them when the roads are in good shape...."

2. OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS: "Dandy team of horses,—those bays of mine. And fast! Six to seven miles an hour when the roads are in good shape. How do you suppose our grandfathers ever managed with only oxen...."

3. OUR GRANDFATHERS: "Great little machine,—mine. And speed! Believe me! Fifteen to twenty miles an hour on good roads. How do you suppose our grandfathers ever managed to get any place with only horses...."

4. OUR FATHERS: "Some car! Speed? You've said it! Thirty to forty miles an hour on good roads. And yet our fathers thought that the little old two could go some...."

5. OURSELVES: "Latest model—six cylinder. Speed! I'll say! Fifty to sixty miles an hour on most any kind of a road. Made the trip to Oil Well Springs the other day in only...."

6. OUR SONS: "Spiffy little ole car,—that Speedo-8 of Dad's. High powered? I'll tell the pop-eyed world! Seventy miles an hour, easy. Have made eighty on good roads. But if you really want speed,—oh boy,—you oughta try an airplane. Coast to coast now in less'n twenty-two hours,—'Dawn to dusk' trip, you know. Europe and back, a mere week-end's journey. Thinking of taking a little spin with Captain Flighty down to Egypt in a day or two,—wanta see what they've done to ole Tut's tomb down there by now...."

7. OUR GRANDSONS: "?????? ?? ???? ????
? ?? ?????"

Lives Touching

MARY E. MANNIX

Chapter 2

AT THE BRITOMARTES

THE two men proceeded to the house and found Don Alberto seated on the broad piazza smoking a long cheroot; he was courteous and sociable to the visitors, but could not tell them what would be the result of their quest.

"It all lies with my wife, it must be as she says,—you understand,—Padre Sebastiano?"

The priest nodded.

"I will go and ask her," said Don Alberto, "be seated, gentlemen, I shall not be gone long."

Presently through the open windows of the room behind them, came the sound of voices. Don Alberto was quite deaf,—and the voice of his wife,—naturally loud and shrill,—was probably louder for that reason.

"A lodger,—a boarder," she said, "no, why do you ask? Who told him we had a boarding house?"

"It is the Padre who brings him," replied Don Alberto, "he is a friend, an American."

"An American,—oh!" her tone changed slightly, "An American, and a friend of the Padre,—will he stay long? Doubtless he can pay well, and, owing to your improvidence, Don Alberto, money is scarce in this household, where it should be plentiful."

"I do not know how long he proposes to stay, and I suppose he can pay very well, he looks like a gentleman. What shall I say to them, Elvira?"

"I will go myself," replied his wife, and pushing him aside, she appeared in a moment at the door; she greeted them effusively, for though only a nominal Catholic, she had the Catholic's natural respect for her pastor.

She was a very unattractive looking woman, with large bony hands, black hair thickly sprinkled with gray, and a strident voice that one could fancy engaged in laying down the law to her household from the moment she awoke in the morning to the time when she again sought repose.

The appearance of Wellington seemed to satisfy her; he could have a room, and good food, as well as the freedom of the household for a day or two, or ten or twenty, as he chose.

The bargain completed, the priest took his leave.

The Señora led the young man into a large room containing a huge mahogany bed, dresser, and a couple of chairs; it was scrupulously

clean,—and having said good night to his hostess, he was soon asleep.

Next morning he was awakened by the song of birds and the stirring of feet in the room next his own,—the clatter of dishes told him that the morning meal was in progress of preparation; passing through the corridor into the enclosed garden behind the house, he seated himself on the bench,—entranced by the blue of the sky, the ecstatic singing of the birds in the trees, and the fragrance of the many-hued flowers.

Suddenly, from the room behind him, the same sweet voice he had heard yesterday, softly began to sing Gounod's "Ave Maria."

"Stop your singing," cried the loud voice of Don Alberto's wife from the adjoining room, "you weary me with your hymns. You are trying to show off now so that the American may hear you and praise you."

"Oh, Doña Elvira," pleaded the girl, "you know it is only a habit of mine to sing to myself. Why should I wish to show off before this stranger?"

"For all we know," answered the woman, "he may be a show man, travelling about in search of singers and actors for his troupe. You remember the one who came here from the city of Mexico and carried off that pretty little Niña Melendez for her dancing, and she was never heard of more."

"But, Doña Elvira, Americans do not come into Mexico looking for singers, they do not need to, there are many in the United States."

"It may be so," replied the woman, "I know there is much evil there."

"I saw none of it," said the girl, "perhaps what you say is true, but there is also much good,—at the convent,—"

"At the convent," interrupted Doña Elvira, "how could there be anything but good at the convent,—but Don Alvarez, who has travelled much, as you know, has told me many things which are not fit for the ears of a young girl; he has even said that a voice like yours might easily be a temptation and a menace."

"A temptation and a menace to what?" inquired Ysabelle.

"To worldliness and evil,—he has even said as much to me as that he will silence your voice,—when you belong to him."

"When I belong to him!" exclaimed the young girl, "God grant that may never be."

"But it will be," replied Doña Elvira, "and that very soon, my lady Ysabelle. The mort-

gages are due, some of them past due, and unless you are so heartless, which I sometimes believe, as not to care if your poor grandfather is thrown into the road, you will no longer resist the good fortune in store for you."

"Good fortune," cried the girl, "how differently we look upon it Doña Elvira."

"Yes, good fortune I repeat it," rejoined the other, "a fine ranch in the mountains, with a house, which they tell me is like a castle, excellent servants, beautiful clothes, with a sojourn in the Capital every winter, what could a girl want more? You are a stubborn little fool and shall be forced to do what your grandfather wishes."

"My poor grandfather does not wish it," said the girl, "he is compelled to it."

"Don Alvarez will be here today," said the grandmother, "I have a feeling that he is a very jealous man and will not be pleased at seeing this young American under our roof; we must try and keep him out of the way."

Wellington saw Ysabelle approach the window and heard her say to Doña Elvira in a low voice:

"He is seated there on the bench. I hope he did not hear our conversation."

"He would not understand it if he did," replied Doña Elvira. "How should he know Spanish?"

"Many people know Spanish beside ourselves," replied Ysabelle.

"All I heard him say was, 'good evening,'" said the woman. "The Padre conducted the arrangements."

At this juncture an Indian woman, carrying a large tray, passed from the kitchen into the dining room. One moment later Ysabelle came to the door and announced that breakfast was ready.

When Wellington entered the dining room, he found the hostess seated at the head of the table, the grandfather was not there. The young man's chair was placed opposite that of the girl. Not wishing to conceal his knowledge of Spanish, he saluted the women in that language, adding that he had passed a very comfortable night in the luxurious bed they had given him.

The countenance of Doña Elvira betrayed some surprise at the fluency of his speech in her native tongue,—the face of the young girl remained calm.

After having helped him to an omelet, Doña Elvira said:

"This is a concession to the American custom, Señor, here in Mexico, we have only rolls and coffee for breakfast, but my granddaughter tells me that in the United States they serve meat and eggs."

"It is not necessary to make any change for me," replied Wellington, "I am accustomed to

French and Spanish breakfasts, but this omelet is extremely good."

"My husband seldom rises before midday," said Doña Elvira, "He is very old and feeble and enjoys his morning nap, he is not able to do anything even in the way of supervision any longer, and might better be in bed than out of it."

"Grandfather has a very intelligent mind," said Ysabelle, probably fearing the implication that the stranger might place upon the words of Doña Elvira.

"But not a well balanced one," continued the hostess, "what kind of intelligence is that which cannot help a man in the affairs of his life or business?"

"Many of the most intellectual men the world has known have not been successful in money affairs," interposed Wellington, "they have not always good business qualifications."

"Better if they had," began Doña Elvira, but the entrance of a servant with a note prevented the conclusion of her remark. She opened it and after a glance down the page, threw it to Ysabelle saying:

"It is from Don Alvarez, announcing that he will not be able to come before Tuesday, as he cannot leave the ranch, where they are planting, but he will be here on that day without fail."

Wellington noticed that the young girl did not pick up the paper and displayed no sign of interest at Doña Elvira's information, while that lady, seizing upon what she conceived to be the opportune moment, turned to Wellington and said:

"Don Alvarez is a fiance of our granddaughter. He is a very wealthy man, a large proprietor in the neighborhood; it will be a good marriage for both, uniting two old families who have always been intimate friends."

Wellington did not dare glance at the young girl, who rose from her chair and with a faintly uttered "excuse me," left the room.

Doña Elvira also rose, and Wellington followed her example.

He went for a stroll about the village and called on the Padre, who detained him for luncheon, after having sent Pedro, his servant, to inform the Señora Britomartes that her guest would be absent from the midday meal.

Wellington had been at the Britomartes four days, and had been treated most kindly by the three members of the family. To him Doña Elvira was all smiles and friendliness, but when he was not supposed to be near, he often heard her reproaching the old man and correcting the young girl, for what she called her frivolity in singing about the house and racing through the garden with her dog.

During the morning hours he would join the two women in the arbor, where they sat busy with their embroidery. It was Doña Elvira who kept up the conversation; Ysabelle seldom spoke.

Monday afternoon, feeling that there was no excuse for further stay, and not wishing to encounter face to face the obnoxious suitor, to whose jealous temperament the mistress of the house had several times referred, he announced his intention to depart on the following morning. He thought the elder woman looked relieved at the information. Glancing at the young girl seated opposite him at the long table in the arbor, he saw that she had lain down her embroidery, and caught an expression of appeal in her eyes of which, he felt certain, she was not herself conscious, but the memory of which, and what followed it, remained with him long after he had left San Juan de la Cruz.

At that moment the soul behind those ordinary veiled eyes seemed revealed to his compassionate gaze,—it was a revelation of terror, almost despair, followed by an expression of hope, confidence, he could have almost have said affection. It lasted but a moment, yet it made Wellington feel uneasy, it was as though she was entreating him for help which it was not in his power to give her. This very young girl,—she was not more than eighteen,—although naturally reserved, had not yet learned to hide her thoughts behind the veil of experience and contact with the world.

A sudden fleeting suspicion flashed through the mind of the young man: "Could it be possible that she had hoped through him to avert the fate which awaited her?"

To that end there could only be one way, it was altogether improbable that even as unattractive as her future might appear, she would consider that he might aid her in averting it, unless—unless—but no, the suspicion was unworthy of him,—and of her.

While his thoughts were in a maze of confusion, a servant appeared at Doña Elvira's side and whispered something in her ear; she arose and left them.

Once more turning to Ysabelle he caught the same look, but more intensified, that he had surprised a short time before.

"What is it Señorita?" he exclaimed, "what is troubling you? How can I serve you?"

"Oh, Señor," she answered, "if you could,—if you only would,—if it might be possible,—if I could only tell you what is in my heart."

Wellington was not a conceited man by any means, yet it seemed to him at this moment there was only one conclusion to be reached from her imploring eyes, her trembling lips, her incoherent, but passionate appeal.

Realizing the great stress under which her mind was laboring, feeling,—from his judgment of her character,—that whatever emotion he might have excited in her heart must be transitory, and due to circumstances,—well knowing at the same time that there was not the slightest feeling in his own heart but that of pity and compassion, it is probable that his manner evinced far more coldness and indifference than he really felt.

He pushed the bench out from the table, and rose to his feet.

Ah, how many times in the distant future was he to recall with a blush of confusion that inauspicious moment.

"Señorita," he said,—and his voice and words betrayed embarrassment,—"Señorita, I beg that you will control your feelings,—there is no possible way,—there is nothing to be done,—we must all accept the fate that is destined for us,—we should try at least to do so,—"

"I cannot." She had also risen, and interrupted him with a gesture of the hand, "Señor," and in her voice there was pain, disappointment, and surprise.

He could not understand her attitude,—he did not know what to say.

Gathering up her embroidery, without another glance towards him, she went into the house.

He did not see her again, and this did not seem to him strange, for he felt that after having reflected upon it, the episode of the afternoon could not fail slightly to have embarrassed her.

He said good-bye to his host and hostess that night, as he wished to make a very early start, and he left his adieu to Ysabelle,—with Doña Elvira.

The only person he saw next morning was the servant who brought in his chocolate. All the household appeared to be still wrapped in slumber as he rode forth into the early dawn.

(To be continued)

Who is he, that approaching humbly to the fountain of sweetness, does not carry away with him some little sweetness?—Imitation.

Sic Semper

REV. JAMES A. WILLIAMS, M. A.

Learn well each little task
From day to day,
As if this mortal breath
Would never ebb away.

Yet do each little task
With deepest care,
As if by Twilight's Gate
Death were awaiting there.

The Home of the Little Flower

The Home of the Little Flower---A Visit to Lisieux

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

THE name of the Little Flower of Jesus has become a household word in almost every Catholic home.

Many may not know, or may have forgotten in the constant use of the endearing soubriquet, that her baptismal name is Maria Françoise Thérèse and her surname Martin.

When she entered the Carmelite Order on the 9th of April, 1888, she received the name of Soeur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jesus (Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus).

Born in Alençon on 2nd of January, 1873, she came at the age of four to Lisieux, therefore nearly all her short life was spent in that quaint old town and it may lawfully claim the honour of having been the home of one of the most loving and most lovable of the as yet uncanonized Servants of God.*

I do not purpose even attempting to outline her seraphic and saintly life, its salient features and her most remarkable characteristics are widely known, probably, however, few of her innumerable clients have visited Lisieux and as environment helps in the formation of mind and soul, it may interest the readers of "The Grail" to glance through a very brief and very imperfect sketch of the little town in Normandy where the Little Flower bloomed like the roses she loved so well, and where she passed away to receive the reward exceeding great promised by Our Lord to His faithful servants.

It is of ancient origin, having been the capital of the Lexorrien Celts, the "Civitas Lexorium," of old Gallo-Roman days, but what most appeals to the modern tourist are the arrestingly beautiful wooden houses built in the 14th and 15th centuries by wealthy merchants.

Lisieux is indeed styled the capital of medieval timber architecture in Normandy and, as everyone knows, that province is amazingly rich in medieval wooden buildings. In the rue aux Fèvres, the rue au Char, and the rue de Paradis, one sees the most picturesque specimens of the timber homes of the good folk of Lisieux, the homes built by their ancestors in the spacious, leisurely, splendor-loving days of the Renaissance. Yet in our present hustling bustling twentieth century they are a thousand times more precious and more beautiful, mellowed as they are by the golden stain of time.

There are many interesting and ancient edifices in this ancient and interesting town, the Cathedral of St. Pierre, the Church of St. Jacques, the Church of the Carmelites, the episcopal palace, the Museum, Town Hall—all these fascinate one with their high-pitched dormer windows, with their pinnacles and turrets and spires giving play to light and shade and breaking up the sky line. In the distance one catches glimpses of shady lawns and overhanging trees of old-fashioned comfortable villas and one hears the ripple of two small rivers, the Orbiquet and the Touques, as they glide in and out through the narrow streets and dusky byways of the older part of the town.

The Cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter, is one of the most interesting in Normandy. It is of Gothic architecture, but of the more severe and chaste type. It combines in the highest degree simplicity with grandeur, and through its simplicity and its grandeur there is a harmonious unity of proportion. From the lowest stone to the highest there is scarce a break in the perfect line, it is truly a masterpiece of the Gothic art, the art that is so convincingly typical of glorious aspirations realized and of a faith that never falters. Beautiful it is both without and within, but to Catholics, more especially within. The many devotional side chapels, perhaps, appeal more to one than the magnificent high altar, and, as is usual on the Continent on week days, Mass is generally celebrated in one of these oratories and the Blessed Sacrament is reserved there during the day and night.

The most intrinsically perfect as well as the most soul-inspiring of these side chapels is unquestionably the one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. It is behind the sanctuary and was founded by Pierre Cauchon in expiation of the iniquitous part he took in the judicial murder of Blessed Joan of Arc.

There are several other points of interest about this spacious and glorious church, notably the pictures—some of them painted by Limonniere—representing scenes in the lives of Sts. Peter and Paul. To examine them thoroughly, as well as study the somewhat mutilated 12th century tombs, took time and so, when we passed through the heavy portals on to the bright and gay Place Thiers, though the brilliant sunshine still illumined the quaint old houses, yet there was a touch of decadence in the ardour of King Sol's rays, warning us to

* The Blessed Theresa will be canonized on May 17th.—EDITOR.

hurry onwards to the Crown and Glory of Lisieux—Carmel.

We managed however to saunter through the beautiful and spacious Garden de l'Etoile and pay a very brief visit to the Church of Saint Jacques, a handsome Gothic edifice built in the fifteenth century. At long last we reached our objective and found ourselves kneeling before the tabernacle in the little chapel where Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus knelt and prayed during many years of her short life.

We had dallied of set purpose, guessing the hour between the light and the dark would be the most devotional and the most conducive to imaginative meditation and we were right. The chapel held the charm of twilight, save where the red lamp of the sanctuary gleamed starlike and candles burned before holy images.

Falling into a reverie, I forgot the present and conjured up scenes from the not so very distant past—the past of the '90's. It was on the 30th of September, 1897, the innocent soul of the Little Flower of Jesus flew heavenwards and she had entered and lived in Carmel from the 9th of April, 1888.

Like St. Aloysius Gonzaga, "Being consummated in a short space, she fulfilled a long time." And as the deepening shadows fell around me, I seemed to see the slight graceful figure of the young nun bowing before the altar and then turn to me with her seraphic smile. I seemed to hear the low clear voice say those wonderful words, spoken by her but a few short weeks before her death, surely the most generous, the most loving, the most sublime ever uttered by mortal lips. "I feel that my mission is about to begin, my mission of bringing others to love our good God as I love Him and of teaching souls my simple way of trust and self-surrender. I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth. Nor is this impossible since, from the very heart of the beatific vision, the angels keep watch over us. No, there can be no rest for me until the end of the world. But when the angel will proclaim that time is no more, then shall I take my repose, then shall I be able to rejoice because the number of the elect will be complete."

The Little Flower of Jesus has kept her word, she has let fall a shower of roses, she has cured the hidden cancers in the souls of men as well as their bodily ailments. She has consoled those who mourn, aiding them to raise their hearts towards the Jesus she loved so ardently, she has given food and drink and money to the needy, she has, in one word, been a ministering angel, a link between our human hearts and heaven.

"Don't forget," said a voice at my ear, "that it will soon be closing time, and also that *table d'hôte* is at seven."

I started, and looked round, the owner of the voice smiled. "You can come to early Mass tomorrow and receive Holy Communion," it remarked consolingly, "but in the meantime—"

Why, yes certainly, it was time to say *au revoir* to my dream vision of Sister Teresa, time to go out again into the quaint old town, where she once lived, and walk through the streets she so often trod.

Sauntering along the rue de Paradis, the old old houses looked more picturesque and also more homelike and mellow in the faintly illumined dusk, the starshine glorifying their medieval beauty. Passing them I saw again my little Saint, saw her in her flapper days—if that slangy word is not too frivolous to apply to so grave and gracious a maiden—saw her going to and fro on household cares intent, doing messages for her father and sisters, speaking kind and gracious words to old and young, always serene, lovely, gentle, holy, perhaps holding in her pretty hands a bouquet of roses, inhaling their delicious perfume, learning their hidden secret.

"What is there hid in the heart of a rose, Little Child? Who knows? Who knows? Who knows?"

A Man who died on a lonely hill

May tell you perhaps, but none other will, Little Child."

I would rather die than lose one single Communion allowed to me by holy obedience.—St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi.

The Ascension

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Jesus! Saviour, do not leave us!
Tho' from Olive's mount you rise,
Take us, Jesus, let us follow
Heavenward, too, beyond the skies!

Tears are falling, hearts are swelling
Sore with grief so great the loss,
Yet we bend to love compelling—
Earth still keeps thy blood-stained Cross.

So when courage seems to leave us,
Earthly days grow black as night
Sorrow-crowned each hour console us!
From thy cross shall come the light.

Faith and Hope by Love made stronger,
To thy Mother's side we creep.
We can see thy form no longer,
Vigil then with her we'll keep.

Mother, by thy sorrows seven,
Grace and strength thy children give!
Without thee, what our hope of heaven?
Without thee, Saviour, who would live?

How Bridget Hears Mass

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"I always tell my pupils to say their beads during Mass," explained Mabel Stevens, one of the lay catechists of St. Joseph's who were relating their experiences and exchanging views on the best methods of instruction.

"Oh, I want mine to use their prayer books," emphasized Bridget Kenney.

"Well, why can't they just watch the priest?" argued Dora Lee. "Isn't the use of prayer book overstressed? Why, last Sunday one of my boys, who of course always misunderstands things, came an hour too early for Mass. What does he do? He goes to church, says all the Mass prayers he can find in his book, returns home, and tells his mother that he had heard Mass because he had recited his Mass prayers. Over in St. Vincent's a little girl complained that she had failed to hear the whole Mass because she had left out one of the prayers in her book."

"That may be all true enough," retorted Miss Bridget, "but I know of a saintly bishop who always insisted that the people use either a prayer book or a rosary during Mass."

The leader of the band, Mary Kane, interposed in her sedate way: "Girls, you see, after all, we are lacking in one thing, that is, uniformity of method at least in this point. Since so much depends on the right view in this particular matter why not ask Father Gilbert the best way of hearing Mass?"

The priest promised to favor them with a little talk. "Now just a plain, informal chat, not a sermon, mind you," he stressed with a nod of his head.

"Oh, so much the better," responded the ever jovial Miss Dora. "That will give us a chance

to talk too, a thing we never like to do, you know."

"No! no! Of course I know that. In the first place, then, it stands to reason that, when we attend Mass, our behavior must give evidence of our good will. Philip II of Spain one time

noticed that two of his courtiers passed the time of Mass in idle talking. As they left the chapel, the King said to them: 'Is that the way to hear Mass? Let me never again see you at my court!' This word came to them like a thunderbolt. One is said to have died in two days and the other to have lost his mind. Oh, if God were not so patient and so long-suffering, how many such instantaneous penalties would He not have to inflict?"

"Father," corrected Miss Kane, "our children are big and little angels at Mass. Only at times they do not know any better."

"Well, I have another case in mind that will help you show them how they might best come to know better."

"Good, Father, anything that's practical," encouraged Miss Dora, hinting again at her unwillingness to talk.

"It was none other than Napoleon I of France, who one day had

to transact some important business with a noble lady. Since he did not find her at home he sought her in church. He walked up to her and addressed her without further ado. The lady grasped the arm of the emperor and said to him: 'We are not in church to discuss worldly things but to hear Mass. Therefore, it were well if you too would kneel down to pray.' The emperor actually knelt down and remained to the end of the Mass. After the two had left the church, the sovereign explained the rea-



son of his coming. Then he added: 'Such piety as yours deserves all liberty in the matter of religion. I shall take care that it is given to you.' So you see what will count most also with your pupils; it is your own good example. The seed of God's word that is implanted, with the drill of the living example, soon sprouts and grows into most edifying imitation."

"Why, Father, did we ourselves scandalize someone?" inquired Miss Mabel.

"I see that you are all blushing and fearing that this is turning into a sermon for yourselves," replied Father Gilbert, smiling. "No, I did not mean to throw stones at you. I confess though that I didn't quite stick to my original topic."

"Now, whatever the method we follow in hearing Mass, it is important that we assist as well as we can. The Mass is of inestimable value, but not all derive the same profit from it. 'The sea,' says St. Augustine, 'contains an immeasurable volume of water, yet each dips from it only so much as his vessel holds.' The quantity of the fruit reaped depends partly on our degree of sanctifying grace, but also to a great extent on our fervor, not as we feel it but in so far as we try to have it; in other words, in so far as we cooperate with the actual graces held out to us, be then our feelings what they may."

"I fear we often forget that the Mass is a sacrifice and the sacrificial act is the most important part of hearing Mass. Therefore, to share in the abundance of its fruits it is not enough to stand or sit or rest in the church during Mass, we must make a definite offering of it to God in union with the officiating priest. If we fail to do this, either with our lips or with our heart, although we fulfill the precept of the church by piously reciting other prayers that have nothing of the character of an offering, we do not derive the benefit that others do."

"Father Cochem quotes Bishop Fornerus of Bamberg as saying: 'It is not the priest alone who offers the Mass for himself and others; every Christian who is present may do the same for his own needs and for those of his friends.' This fact is expressed also by the prayer which the priest says after the *Sanctus*: 'Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy servants N. and N. and of all present whose faith and devotion are known, for whom we offer, or *who offer up to Thee this sacrifice for themselves, their families, and their friends.*' At the *Orate fratres*, that is, after the washing of the hands, when the celebrant turns to the people, he addresses them: 'Brethren, pray that my sacrifice *and yours* may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty.' It is in this sense that St. Peter's words are explained: 'Be you also as living stones built up,

a spiritual house, a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. . . . You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation a purchased people."

"Father," interrupted Dora again, "maybe you were not told the drift of our discussion. We had spoken of prayer books, rosaries, etc."

"Never mind, I shall come to them. As a first method you might at the beginning of the Mass make an act of contrition whilst the priest with bowed head makes the Confession at the foot of the altar. Then, if it has not been done before make the intention of offering the sacrifice together with the priest. At the offertory this intention might be repeated with fruit. If you have special or favorite prayers, they could be said up to the consecration. When this solemn moment has arrived, it is well to close your book or lay aside your beads to make an act of lively faith in the Real Presence, to prostrate yourselves in spirit before the Lord when the priest elevates the Sacred Host. We should arouse our faith anew at the consecration of the chalice and unite ourselves with all the fervor of the breathless host of angels who surround the Spotless Lamb. If we do not greet our Divine Savior, do not adore Him, nor show Him any honor, then we give evidence that the Holy Mass does not concern us at all. The consecration is the center and the sublimest part of the Holy Mass and, therefore, our exterior and interior devotion and reverence must reach the highest possible point at that moment, and the Holy Ghost gives the grace to do so to all men of good will. But that all may take the most intimate part at the consecration the Holy Host and chalice are elevated by the priest as Christ was raised on the Cross."

"Are we to bow our heads at the elevation?" inquired Miss Dora again.

"The Church seems to be eager to enliven our faith at the elevation. Hence she offers an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days for looking with faith, devotion, and love at the Sacred Host at the moment of elevation, provided we say at the same time the words of St. Thomas the apostle: 'My Lord and my God!' Hence bow when the priest genuflects, then look straight at the Blessed Sacrament whilst saying those words."

"After the elevation we might frequently offer to God this Victim anew for whatever purpose we may be praying. At the Communion we should receive our Lord, if not actually, at least spiritually. This spiritual Communion is a fervent desire to receive Christ and to be united to Him. It is generally preceded and followed by acts similar to those which are elicited in connection with actual Communion. Before we

leave the church we should not fail to thank God for the invaluable grace and privilege bestowed upon us of hearing Mass."

"Father," exclaimed Miss Mabel in a tone of victory, "you spoke of beads. That appealed to me. I have always used them and encouraged others to do so. Which mysteries should one say?"

"That may depend on your individual motive, or possibly on the season of the year, or perhaps on the part of the Mass. The fact is that the fifteen mysteries cover our dear Lord's whole life and the Mass, though directly a continuation and repetition of the Passion, may nevertheless be called a renewal of His whole life. Therefore, whilst the reflection on the sorrowful mysteries seems best suited, the thought of the other mysteries is not out of place, for Christ, by becoming present on the altar, renews in a certain sense the Incarnation (the joyful mysteries) and then, too, His Eucharistic life on the altar is a glorious one (the glorious mysteries)."

"Father," urged Miss Bridget, "I have a great love for my prayer book. It has ever so many beautiful pictures of our Lord's passion in connection with the Mass prayers."

"Yes, that is a method recommended by St. Francis de Sales. According to this method we make every part of the Mass correspond to some particular stage of our Lord's suffering and death. Those illustrations of which you speak are very helpful, especially when they are further explained by prayers which aid us in getting the connecting link. In this way we go in spirit the whole sorrowful way of the Cross at the side of the Blessed Virgin with whom we stand on Calvary. Particularly is this the case at the elevation of the sacred species. Some regard this as the best method for two reasons. In the first place, it makes the Passion appear more vividly before our mind's eye; secondly, it is so well calculated to produce in us the spirit of sacrifice, which is the spirit of Christ Himself. When we offer the sacrifice, we ought to offer ourselves along in sacrifice. Thus, we imitate what we celebrate. In the Mass Christ is made a victim for us and we in turn associate ourselves with the Victim, that is, we subject our whole being to Him. How glorious are the fruits of a Mass thus heard!"

"My preference has always leaned towards another method," hinted Miss Mary very gently. "I make a fourfold offering."

"You have in mind the plan of St. Leonard of Port Maurice. He would have us divide the Mass into four parts according to the four principal objects for which it is offered. The Mass is a sacrifice, sacrifice is worship, and worship tends to pay to God the fourfold debt due to Him, namely, satisfaction, petition, ado-

ration, and thanksgiving. From the beginning to the Gospel we may offer the Mass as a sacrifice of satisfaction for our own sins as well as for those of the whole world. The Mass supplies us with the means to pay this huge debt for the living and the departed. The Precious Blood, which was shed on Calvary, is at our disposal here. From the Gospel to the elevation we may present our petitions to obtain relief in our many needs. Let us be convinced that the Mass is a channel through which every grace and blessing can be made to flow to ourselves and to others. From the elevation to the Communion we may join the angelic adorers who surround the altar to pay homage to the Eucharistic Lord. One Mass gives more honor and glory to God than all the praise and adoration which the whole heavenly host can offer to Him throughout all eternity. Lastly, from the Communion to the end of the Mass, we may thank God in the name of His Divine Son for the countless favors and blessings received. We need not necessarily follow this order in making the fourfold oblation. Then, we may make these intentions at the beginning of the four parts of the Mass mentioned before and fill out the time between with other devotions. Father Mueller suggests that the rosary be said according to these intentions and that in the first decade the word 'Jesus' of each 'Hail Mary' be followed by the addition: 'whom I offer to God as a sacrifice of propitiation for my sins'; that we add in the second decade: 'whom I offer to God as a sacrifice of impetration'; in the third and fourth decades: 'whom I offer to God as a sacrifice of adoration'; and in the fifth decade: 'whom I offer to God as a sacrifice of thanksgiving.' It is true that if we make a general intention at the beginning of the Mass by saying: 'My God, I offer Thee this Holy Mass with the intention with which Holy Church offers it', we include that fourfold intention. However, we do better to express the latter explicitly and thus make our prayers more efficacious."

"Here is a new prayer book, Father, which I just received from my brother," remarked Miss Dora. "I haven't had time as yet to examine it, but it is called 'missal.'"

"That's the thing," replied the priest with enthusiasm. "Let me see it. Yes, it's the missal that gives you the Mass prayers the way the priest says them himself. You have here the prayers in Latin in one column and in English in the other. These are the best prayers because they are the prayers of the Church. No prayers are at all comparable to those which she has placed on the lips of her ministers; there is grace and unction about them consecrated as they are by the usage of centuries, an unction that is not to be found in any other

form of words. Generally speaking, it may be said that the best way in which we can take part in the Holy Sacrifice is to make our own the various forms of words used by the priest, not, of course, by a process of purely mechanical repetition but by a pious and serious reflection corresponding to the thought expressed by the prayers in the Mass. Today a tendency to follow the priest more closely in public worship is gaining ground. It has received the name of liturgical movement. Pope Pius X himself declared that 'active participation in the Most Holy Mysteries and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church is the primary and indispensable source of the Christian spirit.' Why, the choir and the altar boys are only the delegates of the people who ought to recite in dialogue form with the priest all these portions which choir and servers now chant or recite. The day may come again when this usage will once more be in vogue. Congregational singing, which is not so rare even now, is one step toward the return of this ancient custom. Here, then, is my suggestion as to the best method of hearing Mass: offer the Holy Sacrifice with the priest; reflect on, and apply to yourselves, the prayers which he says; note especially in them all references to the Passion and the repeated oblations of atonement, impetration, adoration, and thanksgiving. Pope Benedict XV says there are two reasons why the devotion of the people does not progress, as it should, from hearing Mass, namely, ignorance of the Latin language and ignorance of the liturgy; to both these evils you have in this volume (speaking to one who had translated the missal and explained the prayers) applied a remedy. For anyone who is able to read, if he uses this book before the altar where the sacrifice is being offered, may easily follow every action of the priest; and from attentive consideration of things so high, he will reap abundant fruits of spiritual consolation and divine grace."

"Father," remarked Miss Bridget in her roguish way, "I think there is a reason for this gift to Dora. Her brother had fears for her soul. Why just the other night she placed the ban on all prayer books during Mass. I began to think that she was an authorized enforcer of the blue laws."

"Now, Bridget, you are not jealous, are you? You know that I branded only an excessive emphasis of prayer books."

"Father," continued Bridget, "I told her of that pious bishop whom you quoted one time as saying that people should have either a prayer book or a rosary in their hands during Mass."

"Oh, you mean Bishop Marty. Well his thought was that few people can so rivet their

attention on the altar as not to be distracted. There have been holy people who were such masters of their own thoughts that all they needed was to see the priest and to follow him in every word and action. Thus the learned and pious Dominican Lacordaire regarded this method as the best for himself. During Mass he never opened a book or recited even his breviary. 'The Mass is too sublime an action for us to occupy ourselves at that time with anything except what is said and done by the priest,' he was wont to say.

"Now, whoever has faith and is in earnest, will receive the grace to hear Mass well. An interesting example is related by Father Le-coque, missionary in Cumberland. He attempted to instruct an old grandmother of eighty-four winters (not summers), but her memory could retain only ghost stories. Even the shortest prayer would immediately be out of her mind. So one day the missionary's patience momentarily gave way and he told her that she could not be baptized, for she was too ignorant. Then she fell at his feet and with tears in her eyes she pleaded with him: 'My grandson, how can you consign me to misery after death after I have endured so much in life?' The priest on seeing her lively faith promised to baptize her. From that day on she was always early at the little hut to hear Mass during which she edified all. On Sundays she would bring a leather bag with her. At first this angered the missionary, but he said nothing. On the second Sunday thinking that she was practicing some superstition he asked in a gruff tone whether she still had recourse to the devil. 'Ah, my grandson,' she said, 'you told me I was the most ignorant woman in the world. And it is true since I can't say the smallest prayer to God. That is the very reason why I have this bag in my hands.' Then she drew out a picture of the Blessed Virgin which she had carefully wrapt up many times. But it had a beautiful prayer on it. Then she continued: 'Because I do not know how to speak to God I ask for mercy in this way: My God, I am very ignorant. You know all the good and nice things that are written on this picture. All these good and nice things I want to tell You. Accept them.' That was the prayer of this good old grandmother. That was her way of hearing Mass. Who will dare say that she did not hear Mass well? Who taught her this method? No doubt, the Mother of Good Counsel whose picture she cherished so highly."

"But imagine, Father," interrupted Miss Dora again, smiling, "everybody coming to Mass with a great big leather bag."

"Of course human respect would never let us resort to such means. But souls who seek God in their own simple way are above human re-

spect. Now since you know what method I prefer, I would have you to take Bishop Hedley's words to heart: 'Make the most out of a Mass when you hear one.' He gives liberty in regard to the method: 'Use your prayer book or say your rosary or worship and ask God out of your own head, following the priest.' In con-

clusion, let me quote Cardinal Newman's words: "To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass, said as it is amongst us. I could attend Mass and never be tired. It is not a mere form of words, it is an action, the greatest action that can be performed on earth."

Art as She is Viewed

MYRTLE CONGER

"OH, how do you do, Mrs. Brown! I see you've come to the art exhibit, too. Isn't it too perfectly interesting? I just adore pictures, don't you? And I always did say we ought to have an art institute here in our city; and ever since this one was built,—let's see, how long ago has it been now? . . . Oh, has it been five years? Who'd have thought it had been that long? Doesn't time fly! Well, ever since it was built, I've been intending to come see the pictures, but what with my Monday's *Bridge*, and my Wednesday's *Mah Jongg*, and now cross-word puzzles,—though I never can solve a one,—and our new car,—you know we have one of those new model *Buick* sixes, this year,—seven passenger sedan,—I just haven't had the time for the pictures. Then, too, I've taken up swimming lately. I'm trying to reduce a little. Not that I'm really afraid of gaining too much, but, well, you know how husbands are. Of course I can't swim a stroke,—just paddle around in the water,—but I've already lost—

"What did you say? . . . Oh, a new exhibit each month? How perfectly interesting! . . . You say the *Karamm* Club arranged for this one. . . Oh, yes, he was a Russian, wasn't he? Sounds like one of those Russian names, anyway. They always end with a *k*, don't they? . . . By different artists? . . . Oh, I see, now. . . . Some of the *Raney Saunce* pictures? . . . Yes; I've heard a great deal about him, too. One of the old masters, wasn't he? I don't think that the old masters are really appreciated as they should be, do you?

"What? . . . Yes; it is a pretty picture. A forest scene, isn't it? . . . The catalogue? Oh, yes; of course. I'd forgotten about the catalogue. What does it say? Oh, yes; here it is,—right here. It says it's a *Carrot*. Sounds like a vegetable, doesn't it? . . . Well, it looks exactly like a place we saw over in Indiana, called *Turkey Run*, or something. We drove past there on our way home from Chicago, last fall. That was when we still had our old car, you know. You wouldn't believe what an improvement the new brakes are, this year. Why, yesterday, when we were out driving, one of

those big trucks nearly ran right into us.—You know how careless those truck drivers always are.—And if it hadn't been for our new brakes—

"What did you say? . . . Oh, I see. They're dancing girls, aren't they? How perfectly interesting! But I should think he could have done better with their draperies, and not have them stand out like that. Now the dancing girls we saw in the chorus at the *Follies*—

"What? . . . Oh, that one? What is it? . . . Yes; I see, now. It says it's the *Angelus* by Millet. I always thought that *millet* was some kind of hay, didn't you? . . . Oh, the *t* is silent? How funny! But I suppose that's because he's an artist. Well, they're just a couple of working people out in a field, aren't they? Do you know I always thought that the *Angelus* was some kind of a bell, or something, that they rang in a church three times a day, and it played tunes,—chimes, I mean. There's one down in Albany where cousin Mattie lives, in an Episcopalian church down there, and it plays tunes,—chimes, I mean. One of them is *Lead, Kindly Light*, I think cousin Mattie said, but they play it to the tune of *Old Lang Sang*. At least it sounds like it.

"What? . . . Oh, they hear the *Angelus* ringing, and are saying their prayers? How perfectly interesting! Right out in the field, too. Don't artists think of the funniest things?

"Oh, please don't hurry so. I can't keep up with you. Oh, look! That's a nice one up there, isn't it? Horses! I adore horses, don't you? They're so old-fashioned, and everything. . . . It says it's by *Rosie Bone Hower*. Don't artists have the funniest names? We saw two in a race at the movies the other afternoon. *Zev*, or something, and *Pappyruss*, were their names. And one of them came over in a ship in a padded cell, but he didn't win the race,—or, maybe he did, too. I forget, now; they both looked so much alike,—only, of course, the American horse was the handsomest—

"Oh, please don't hurry so. I can't see the pictures. There's lots of people here, this afternoon, aren't there? Why, look! Over there's Mrs. Mills. I didn't know she was back from

the lakes yet, did you? They say their new home over on *Boulevard Row* is nearly finished. Maybe that's why she's back so soon this year—

"What did you say? . . . Oh, that one. Yes; I see. What is it? . . . A *Nutting*? Don't artists have the funniest names for their pictures? Who'd ever have thought of calling that picture *A Nutting*? Why, it looks exactly like an old lady sitting in a chair, doesn't it? But maybe it's by one of those new kind of artists,—*futurists*, or whatever they are—*cubistics*, aren't they?—that always call their pictures something else. . . . What? . . . Oh, *Nutting* was

the artist's name? How perfectly interesting!

"But please don't hurry so. . . . Oh, more pictures in the other room? . . . Well, I'll have to see them some other time. I must be going now. I have an appointment with my dress-maker for half past three. She's making me one of those new—

"Well, good-bye, then. I'm so glad I could see the pictures with you. I've enjoyed every minute of the time, haven't you? And isn't it fine we have an art institute here in our city. So perfectly interesting! I just adore pictures, don't you?"

Mollie Hogan---Farmer

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

BLOSSBURG is a broken, deserted mining town, two miles south of Raton. In its brief day of promise it made a great deal of noise, as is the way of the western boom town. And though it was set in the desert, it would have been large, powerful. Up its one street, which is broader than Chicago's broadest, the alkali dust invariably blows. The people are vanished. Many left their household furnishings behind them, as is the western way. The town lived fast and died, a pitiful wreck to aspiration. Booming, building, digging, trading, shaking dice with fate and men, accumulating piles of garbage at the edge of town, living, hoping, achieving, and then the mine caved in.

Before Blossburg was dreamed of, Mollie Hogan lived on the ranch her husband had taken from the government. She lives there now with Mary, her granddaughter by adoption, who follows in the footsteps of St. Francis: catechizing, nursing, giving temporal aid to the Mexicans. Sometimes her work takes her to the villages that are off the beaten track. Whether it be San Gabriel Pueblo in the heart of the fertile San Gabriel Valley, or Anista, an all-Mexican hamlet lying between the river and the hills where the white-sands of the desert spill over into the corrals, Mary Hogan comes smiling, capable, quietly, equal to all demands. Often Mollie, her grandmother, rides with her in the little car that Hogan pork made possible.

As you drive south from Blossburg you come upon the Hogan place. Athwart the yellow wash of sands there rises a dobe house of considerable size, whitewashed and surrounded by trees. This was Mollie Hogan's second home in the golden west of which she dreamed. The first was in the valley of San Miguel, not far from the Sante Fe Trail. The village contained thirty houses, the mean dwellings of the poor, clustered about the church. The Franciscans founded the place when Los Angeles was known

as Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles. Behind San Miguel were the lonely mountains blown bare by the wind. Immature and scant vegetation, an eternal wind, a hot sinking sun, or the moon rising red over the Valley of San Miguel would have been baldly ugly to any one except Mollie Hogan. To her the sun left behind a magic light, translucent, opal-tinted, with the far hills enveloped in purple hazes. Away in the distances could be heard the blatting of the sheep. When the dawn came streaking the sky with orange and purple and crimson, and in a flood of light quenched the stars, her heart sang at its beauty. All day under the merciless desert sun the valley stretched uninviting with its narrow streets and dobe houses. The mesa lay a trackless waste. But in the playing light of the New Mexican afterglow it was no longer a trackless waste, an arid waste. It was soft, alluring, enchanting. The mean houses were palatial. The stars twinkled, and she told herself this was a land of enchantment, of marvelous beauty.

Her five boys—Thomas Mary, Charles Mary, Edward Mary, Leo Mary, and Ramon Mary were born in this village. Then John took the ranch below Raton, before Blossburg was. There were glorious possibilities in the new home—it was but four miles to St. Patrick's Church in Raton, and there was water on the ranch—a luxury in some parts of the southwest! The months sped by on golden wings for Mollie. With baking, making, mending, straightening the little house, watering the baby fruit trees, and teaching the children their prayers, before she realized it, came Maytime, month of Mary! The first columbines unfolded their virginal blue and white on the foothills of the Sangre de Christos that floated their soft flower laden airs into the month. Mollie sang as she worked, an old hymn to Mary, Queen of May. She had sung it back in Syracuse, New

York, in her girlhood days at the convent school. The children sang it with her.

Her husband and three of the children were taken ill. In a few days they would be better, for who could be long ill when the hills behind the house were glorious with columbine and laurel? She had a dreadful week. Ranchers came and tended the stock, not a great herd to be sure, but a good start—four cows, four horses and thirty pigs.

John Hogan and the three children were carried into St. Patrick's Church in Raton the same day. Mollie sat numbed, without feeling. When it was over she went home with Tom and Ramon, her oldest and her youngest. They were eleven and two. She found herself more jubilant than sad. Everything that happened in the beautiful month of Mary must be for the best. John was through with the trials of life. The children were with Mary. She could not grieve. She must keep on for Tom and Ramon.

"Most women with no training would go out to service and put the boys in a home for a few years," she said as she knelt to pray, "but I will hang on here a little longer. I can't leave the hills, these hills that some day will be a magnet for the rest of the world to cluster around. I will pray and work. In September Tom can go to a Catholic boarding school. When Ramon is old enough God will provide a way for him. I will be lonely, but it will be for their eventual good."

Early and late she labored. Cows, hogs, hens. Her major crop was potatoes. It was but four miles to Raton, a good market. Ramon would curl up on the load of potatoes and sleep as she drove the slow farm team to town. Work, work, work. And as she worked she prayed. The markets demanded more pork. She raised more. In those early years of her widowhood, she afterward told, she worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four. And she would do it again! In May, exactly ten years after her decision to stay on the ranch, Tom was graduated from Notre Dame. She did not take the expensive trip east, although she could have spent the money. Instead she repaired the little dove church in the village of San Miguel, where she spent the first years of her married life, where her five boys were born. The little church where in they were baptized was very dear to Mollie. Tom came home to her. Despite his six feet he was yet her little boy. He was going to Las Cruces in September to teach in the State College.

She was bitterly disappointed. She had visualized HOGAN PORK in bold letters on all the box cars in the Sante Fe Yards.

Blossburg came into existence that year. She increased her herds, added three rooms and a

porch to the little dove, making a pretentious house, with a living room as large as the primary room in the Blossburg school; Mollie Hogan, successful farm woman, known for and near, had a purpose in view when she built that living room. Its double fireplace was built by three Navajo Indians from the reservation. Its built-in book shelves were filled with books to loan to the Mexican children. She invited the nomad Mexican families from the new camp (Blossburg) to use her house as a community center. She instructed them in their religion. She kept four or five lank Mexican youths working for her. They ate at table with her, said night prayers with her, attended Mass with her.

Tom did not come home from Las Cruces at Christmas. He wrote he was busy. He sent her a Franciscan rosary and Mollie shed real tears over it. To be sure her boy was queer, but good. For two years she did not see him. Then she and Ramon drove to Las Cruces in the Hogan truck. They found Tom working with a gang of Mexican laborers on the road. It was vacation time. He was sun-baked by reason of his life in the open. He wore a flannel shirt, wide hat, puttees.

"Why are you doing this, Tom?" she asked.

The mountain and the desert had taught him their silence. He looked at her and said: "I have to, ma."

She liked his tawny hair and his khaki skin. He resembled his father, but not quite so handsome, she thought. All the girls in Syracuse thought John Hogan something quite out of the ordinary. Tom saw she was not satisfied with his reply. He said: "I am straw boss, ma."

"Why? Just why, Tom Hogan?" Her tone was sharp.

"I suppose I should have told you sooner. This is a Catholic country and other missions are here, other missionaries. I teach catechism Sundays and nights through the week. Some of the older boys help me. I am sending two boys to San Miguel Colegio so they can come back here and teach as I do."

This boy of hers talked in terms of charity, love, simplicity; this boy who finished from a university at twenty-one, the honor man. While she lived for and by Hogan Pork, he saw not dollars and cents only as a means to promote God's glory.

"If you need money, ma, I will give you some," he said. "I have seventy dollars coming on this job. I wanted a hundred. I was going to purchase apparatus for my boys' club, but if—"

"Why, Tom Hogan, I have so much money I lay awake nights figuring how to spend it. I wish I had ten sons. I'd send them all to the same school you went to."

"Architects have completed plans for two new churches, ma, in Las Cruces. Both are to be blue brick with granite facings, balconies, basement and—"

"I wish I had ten children," repeated Mollie Hogan.

"If you'd take just one," said Tom, "it would help. I have a little girl to give away and—"

"I'll take her. Where is she?"

"I keep her at the hotel where I live. Her name is Mary Hogan. I adopted her."

"Then why do you want to give her away?"

"For a time, to some good woman who would teach her, ma." Then he relapsed into his habitual silence.

When next Mollie saw her son, two years later, she looked upon him in his coffin, at Las Cruces, whither she had gone to bring him home. She gave herself over to grief unrestrainedly. Then in the midst of her lamentations Blossburg mine caved in.

There was no hospital in Raton in 1904, and Mollie's ranch was but two miles from the disaster. She went up to the camp, volunteered her services, and worked with a will. Two weeks later she went back to the ranch house, resumed her normal mode of life, and was reconciled to Tom's death.

"Ma, could you see your way clear to send me to the seminary this fall?" asked Ramon. He was eighteen and finished at San Miguel.

She assured him she could and would. Meantime, this vacation, would she consent to his going down to Mesilla, Cruces and Ana to catechize as Tom had done? She sent him with her blessing and a pocket full of money.

"You make much work for God possible, ma, you are so generous," he said.

"If I were young, I'd be a missionary catechist," she said, her eyes on the opal-tinted distances.

"Ma, you are a missionary. Don't you always visit the sick and bring them something? You always stay to two Masses on Sunday and teach catechism classes. You inspire others by your example," said the boy.

He returned in late August, frail and spent. She looked at him and fear clutched her heart. He was going to die. He knew it. A doctor in Las Cruces told him so. He was glad to die. Again she sat in St. Patrick's Church in Raton, listening to her last relative's funeral sermon—her boy, Ramon.

Doggedly she worked, prayed, wondered. It must be for the best. Humbly she implored her Mother to teach her to see His will.

"Granny, there's lots of people living in the company houses in Blossburg," said Mary. "I

have been calling on them and I brought you a guest."

Through the kitchen door Mollie saw a boy astride Mary's pony and she said: "He is welcome. Bring him in."

As he sat at supper the boy, whose name was Ramon Estrada, thought: The lady likes me and wants me to be her boy, but I have to work for José and mind his sheep.

Mollie led him to his room—it had been her own Ramon's room—and the boy was overjoyed at its trappings. On the morrow, very early, Mollie rode her pony to Blossburg and conferred with José Martinez, nomad sheep herder. He kept the boy because it was bad luck to be uncharitable to a child; he had taught him his prayers, also to read and write. He did as well as he could by him, having eight of his own. Mollie was welcome to him, providing she would rear him in the Faith. She came away with his twins, Pedro and Pablo, aged twelve. José could scarce believe his ears when she told him she would send them to a Brothers' School.

She adopted Ramon and sent the three boys to school, to San Miguel. Mary went to Denver to a convent school. While they were away Mollie kept raising the cow, the hog, the hen.

Years passed, twelve to be exact. Mollie was older, slower of movement. It was June, 1918. Two weeks earlier Mary, now twenty-one, was graduated from a hospital in Denver. Pablo and Pedro Martinez were in France, having finished at San Miguel some three years back. This June day Mollie Hogan was far from home—St. Paul, whither she and Mary had come for the ordination of Ramon Estrada Hogan.

Holy Grail Sonnets

Dom. Hugh Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

4. Queen Guinevere

A crown glittered upon King Arthur's brow
And a gold circlet graced the flowing hair
Of Guinevere,—the fairest mid the fair;
While he was staunch, and to no king would bow.

Thus all had prospered gladsomely till now,
When Lancelot did feel the beauty rare
Of the Queen smite him;—soon both traitors were
To King and modesty that Christians vow.

As griffins seize upon the roaming deer
In the dark dales of densely wooded Wales,
So idle minds and hearts peril assaults.

"O Lancelot! how pants my distraught breast!
Remorse embitters love; I know no rest."

Then with his lute he lulled Queen Guinevere.

St. Francis de Sales

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

(Continued)

LA VIE DÉVOTE

IN 1607 the Bishop of Geneva founded the Florimontane Academy with the help of his life-long friend President Favre. It was a sort of literary club. Only good practical Catholics were received as members and on their admission they had to make a speech either in verse or prose. The secretary was to be of acute clear and ready wit and versed in literature, the censors were also to be literary men. At the several meetings lectures were given on philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, on literature and languages, particularly French literature, and the cultivation and development of the French language. Later on Favre insisted on Francis's accepting his beautiful mansion and making it the episcopal palace, telling him it was not seemly a Prince of the Church should dwell in the small retired house that up to this had been the home of the Bishop of Geneva.

Francis reluctantly accepted the gift, for he loved a poor and lowly dwelling and had meant thus to imitate Our Divine Lord who had not whereon to lay His head. In his new and handsome palace the Bishop reserved for himself the smallest, most miserable of the apartments. In his previous house he had also occupied the smallest room, always known as "The room of Francis." His sanctum in the palace was an exact copy of the original—the same sparse and homely furniture, the same want of all comfort, nay almost of the necessities of life. He had, however, his favourite books, and from the window he had a glorious view of the beautiful lake of Annecy and of the majestic snow-capped mountains. His soul revelled in the contemplation of the beauties of nature, and he drew from it many of those quaint and charming similes that help to make his writings so attractive. It was in this room he found time to bring out *La Vie Dévote*. The publication of this justly celebrated and inimitable book came about in rather a curious way. Some of the instructions it contains were composed for his mother but the greater part is arranged from letters written by him to one of his penitents, Madame de Charmois. This lady preserved all his notes and memoranda. When starting on a long journey she left them in the charge of Père Fourrièr, S. J., and had at the same time given him permission to glance through them.

The saintly Jesuit had once been the director of Francis de Sales. He read the notes carefully and was so delighted with them that he asked

Madame de Charmois to allow him to have them copied. She willingly consented and soon every Jesuit college possessed at least one copy. In fact they created quite a *furor* among the Saint Pères, each and all longed to procure a special copy for his own particular use. Therefore Père Fourrièr, S. J., wrote to the Bishop of Geneva, strongly recommending him to publish these letters and memoranda. Francis was astounded, he could not at first understand what letters his old director referred to, but when he heard, he went to Madame de Charmois and asked her to explain.

"Do you not remember, Monseigneur, the good advice you so often gave me, and the letters you wrote me on various devotions and practices of piety?"

"What," cried Francis in amazement, "those wretched screeds and the good Father has had the patience to wade through them?"

"Yes, Monseigneur, and he thinks them so instructive and so beautiful, that he tells me he never in his life read anything so useful and so devotional. All the Jesuits are of the same opinion. They have made several copies of what you call your screeds, and if you won't publish them, they are resolved to do so themselves."

"Well! It certainly is strange," replied Francis smiling, "that according to these good Fathers I have written a book without knowing it."

Père Fourrièr, S. J., gave him no peace, neither did Henry IV. Indeed all his friends urged him so strongly that in the end he agreed to revise his letters to Madame de Charmois, adding to them those he had written to his mother. Accordingly the longed-for book appeared. It was printed in Lyons in 1608 under the title of the "Introduction to the Devout Life."

It created an extraordinary sensation, was translated into several languages and was undoubtedly "the book of the year," nay, of many years, in fact of all time, for this wonderful work is as well suited to our wants as though it were written but yesterday. It takes the place of a director to many people who, living in remote country places, find it difficult to place themselves under the guidance of a wise and prudent priest, indeed, the Church in the Office of our Saint exhorts us to be guided by his counsels, "admonished by his directions."

Not long after the publication of this world-renowned book, its author suffered one of the greatest sorrows of his life. His dearly loved mother Madame de Boisy passed quietly away

in 1610, I will let Francis himself describe her last moments.

March 11th, 1610.

To Madame de Chantal.

Yes, my dearest child, we must always adore Providence, whose ways are always good, holy and lovable. It has pleased Him to take away from us the best and dearest of mothers.—My Mother came to me this winter, and during the month she stayed with me, she made a general review of her soul, and renewed her desire of perfection with great fervour. She went away full of holy joy and on Ash Wednesday she confessed and communicated at the parish church of Thorens.—In the evening she was taken suddenly ill and as one dead. My poor brother, your son, (Bernard Baron de Thorens—the brother of Francis de Sales was the husband of Madame de Chantal's eldest daughter Marie Aimée), was asleep, but as soon as he was told he ran in—and sent for me.

On my arrival, though she was both blind and drowsy, she embraced me affectionately and said: "It is my son and my father," and she kissed my hand, saying: "I owe you this in token of respect, my father," and then extending her arms, embracing me tenderly, "And I owe you this loving kiss because you are also my son."

On March 1st she gave up her soul to God, gently and happily, showing in death a dignity and beauty greater even than she had showed in life.—I heard of the death of your daughter Charlotte while my mother lay dead. God giveth and God taketh away, blessed be His Holy Name.

FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE VISITATION

On June 10th, 1610, Francis conducted his spiritual children to their long-desired home. Surely Heaven smiled that day on those devoted souls entering so courageously on their life of prayer and sacrifice. The utmost insurmountable obstacles to the entrance of Madame de Chantal into religion had miraculously vanished. Her eldest daughter, Marie Aimée, was the wife of Bernard de Sales, Charlotte was in Paradise, and she brought the two younger girls with her to Annecy. She had confided the care and education of her son Celse Bègne to her father and brother, and she had overcome her father's opposition.

President Favre had also strenuously opposed his daughter quitting the world, had indeed wished her to marry Louis de Sales, the dearly loved brother of Francis, but Marie-Jacqueline Favre was as resolute as Jeanne de Chantal. She confided her wishes to the Bishop of Geneva, and he successfully arranged matters.

Charlotte de Brécard had long wished to become a nun, but she could not make up her mind

to enter any particular order. When she met Francis de Sales, she was irresistibly impelled to confide in him. He told her of the institute he hoped soon to organize, and she immediately decided to become one of its members.

Jacqueline Coste was a humble servant girl who for years had been under the direction of the Bishop of Geneva and was now privileged to be first lay sister of the new order.

These four chosen souls were specially called by God to be first sisters of the Visitation. The Bishop of Geneva led them into the chapel of their convent, and they and their friends knelt before the altar, while their saintly founder repeated three times the *Gloria Patri*, and, after a short exhortation, implored the blessing of God upon their enterprise.

Before he gave them a definite rule, Francis let them know his wishes. "I wish you to lead the life of Martha and of Mary," he told them, "to join works of charity to contemplation, not to remain cloistered but to go forth into the lanes and alleys to tend the sick, to help the poor, to pray beside the dying. United thus, the active and contemplative life will help, instead of hindering, each other. While the sisters work out their own sanctification, they also help their neighbours to lead better lives, by their example, by giving assistance.

Francis then gave Madame de Chantal a rough sketch of the constitutions and, bidding her farewell, promised to come on the following morning to offer up the Holy Sacrifice and to give them Holy Communion.

Every day the Bishop paid them a short visit, he got them to study Latin in order to be able to recite the Little Office of Our Lady and gradually he instructed them in the Rules he intended them to follow. "You are no longer to call each other Madame and Mademoiselle," he informed them, "but address each other by the sweet and homely names of Mother and Sister."

Francis wrote to a dear friend of his: "I hope this Congregation will suit the infirm and delicate, for without corporal austerities they lead a most devout life. They say the Office of Our Lady and meditate. They observe strict poverty, humility, obedience, and silence. They are most industrious, and their life is as edifying, peaceful, and holy as in any monastery in the world. After their profession they will, if it please Our Lord, go out humbly to nurse and care for the sick."

Again he writes: "In the beginning, enclosure will be observed. No man will be allowed to enter, except on such occasions as they are allowed to enter the reformed monasteries. Neither will women be permitted to enter without the superior's leave. After their year of novitiate, they will go out, but only to nurse the sick. They will sing the Office of Our Lady,

and the rest of their time will be spent in all kinds of good works, particularly in prayer and meditation.

For a brief space the nuns of the Visitation went forth visiting the sick, consoling the afflicted and performing the corporal as well as the spiritual works of mercy, but prejudices of the age were too powerful. Men and women, saints and sinners alike cried out in horror against such an innovation.

"Nuns walk about the streets! Go into houses! Dreadful idea! Unheard of! Not to be tolerated!" So in the end Francis had to give in to that overwhelming and brazen *vox populi* that has crushed so many noble enterprises and

has taken the hope and the heart's blood of martyrs and patriots.

On the 30th of October, 1612, the nuns of the Visitation, then numbering eight professed Sisters, and eight novices, removed from the little maison de la Pierrière, as it was then called, to a larger house in the city and it was there that Francis announced to Jeanne de Chantal his final renunciation of his original design.

"I am called the founder of the Visitation. Is there anything less reasonable I have done what I did not wish to do, and what I wished to do I have left undone." Surely no words could be sadder or more pathetic.

(To be continued)

Saving the Mexican Immigrant

S. C. HETTICH

IT is surely a far cry from the cattle ranges and adobe huts in the heart of the Rocky Mountains in New Mexico to the sand dunes and the steel mills on the shores of Lake Michigan in Northern Indiana. They are like two poles apart. Nevertheless, these two widely separated districts are the scenes of the missionary labors of the Society of Missionary Catechists, whose members receive their training in *Our Sunday Visitor's* recently opened Victory Training Institute, at Huntington, Indiana.

Toiling in Gary, Indiana, well styled "the Melting Pot of America," in their efforts to help the 20,000 Spanish-speaking immigrants settled there, the Missionary Catechists have inaugurated a Christlike work that will be far-reaching in its influence in the Catholic Church in America.

Located on the southern bend of Lake Michigan, Gary is the heart of the vast Calumet Steel district. Here is to be found a "Little League of Nations," with representatives from almost every nation in the world.

The story of the laying-out of this city and the locating of its great steel mills is one of the civic romances of the world. Eighteen years ago only a handful of squatters, fishermen, and shantymen were located along the sand dunes and marshes of this region. Today, in this territory, with Gary as a center, there live more than 200,000 people. The five principal communities in this district are Gary, Indiana Harbor, East Chicago, Hammond, and Whiting.

Eighty per cent of the population of Gary is foreign-born and therefore almost entirely Catholic. It is said that, according to plans formulated by the United States Steel Corporation, Gary will have a population of half a million within twenty years. It will undoubtedly

be the greatest steel region in the world. One does not have to possess a vivid imagination to visualize the proportion of the foreign-born element in this population. The average American will no longer engage in mill work. Mexicans, Spaniards, and Negroes have taken his place. Five thousand Spaniards recently came from Barcelona, Spain, to work in these mills. The vast majority of the Spaniards and Mexicans live in a state bordering on abject poverty. Much missionary and social welfare work needs to be done among them.

Protestant missionary agencies were quick to see and seize the opportunity for extending their proselytizing influences. In one of the recent publications of the Council of Women for Home Missions, (Protestant,) "The Church and the Community," on page 37, the Council makes this proud boast: "There are now in the Calumet region 55 Protestant churches and missions. Practically all the leading home mission churches are self-supporting." (This means that 43 are supported by the funds of this one Protestant missionary society.) "All the Protestant religious forces in this region have united in one big missionary federation," says the publication in another paragraph. It continues: "The missionary program of one denomination alone calls for the expenditure of a million dollars within the next few years." Such an ambitious proselytizing program is a direct challenge to the Church in this preponderantly Catholic district. If successful, it would mean nothing less than the destruction of the faith of almost 20,000 Spanish speaking Catholics alone.

It was to save the faith of these people that the Missionary Catechists began their work at Gary a year ago. This is the practical training ground for the Junior Missionary Catechists.

Here they are equipped for their labors in the Southwestern States—Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, and California. Some idea may be gained of the vast amount of good already accomplished during the past year by a simple statement of their activities. Approximately five hundred daily house to house visits were made and personal attention given to both children and adults. Every day the sick poor received medical attention in their homes. In cooperation with the Bureau of Immigration of the National Catholic Welfare Conference follow-up work was done among the immigrants recently arriving in Gary. In the Gary-Alerding Settlement House, vacation classes for the children of Spanish-speaking parents were held through the summer. In these classes, religious instruction was given and the children taught sewing, first-aid, and kindergarten work.

The labors of the Missionary Catechists are characterized by the utter lack of patronizing tendencies. Theirs is the burning love and tender compassion of the Divine Master for the multitude hungering for kindness and sympathy. Their social service activities make a powerful appeal to all regardless of religious affiliation. They receive neither salary nor remuneration and not one of their activities is of an income-producing nature. They depend upon charitably disposed Catholics in the established communities for the means to carry on their work.

Lesson from Mine Disaster

Indiana State Medical Association

MINERS are not the only ones who should take care against poison by carbon monoxide, the gas which plays so tragic a part in all mine disasters such as occurred recently at Sullivan, Indiana. Many individuals, who never have seen the inside of a mine, work daily in the presence of this deadly gas.

Carbon monoxide poisoning is caused by breathing atmosphere that contains carbon monoxide. This gas is a product of incomplete combustion, and is an ever-present danger about blast and coke furnaces and foundries, flues, oil refineries, in exhaust gases from automobile and other gasoline engines. In mines it is found after fires, after explosions, and after the use of explosives. Miners sometimes call it white damp or sweet damp but carbon monoxide itself is without color, odor, or taste. The sweet odor sometimes attributed to it is not due to the carbon monoxide but to other substances in the atmosphere which accompany this gas.

Hospitals receive a great number of victims who have been poisoned by carbon monoxide.

The exhaust gases of gasoline automobiles contain from four to twelve per cent of carbon monoxide and in closed garages men are not infrequently found dead beside a running motor. A similar danger may arise from gasoline engines in launches.

Carbon monoxide exerts its extremely dangerous action on the body of displacing oxygen from its combination with hemoglobin. Hemoglobin is the coloring matter of the blood which normally absorbs oxygen from the air in the lungs and delivers it to the different tissues of the body. The affinity of carbon monoxide for hemoglobin is about three hundred times that of oxygen. Because of this effect, when only a small amount of the poisonous gas is present in the air breathed into the lungs, much of the hemoglobin is locked up in combination with carbon monoxide and so cannot keep up its usual work of carrying oxygen to the tissues.

These tissues, because of the lack of oxygen, cannot do their work properly. If the tissues are smothered long enough the cells of the tissues become damaged and injury to the cells may be permanent, even if the patient survives.

The victim of acute carbon monoxide poisoning usually experiences certain definite symptoms. Yawning, sleeplessness, weariness, and a feeling of constriction across the forehead, frontal headache, at first dull and intermittent, later continuous and more severe. This headache is replaced or masked by the typical headache of carbon monoxide poisoning at the base and back of the skull which causes the sufferer to hold his head as far back as possible in an effort to obtain relief.

Prevention for carbon monoxide poisoning are: 1. Good ventilation, as this will carry away and dilute the gas when present. 2. Avoiding as much as possible any exposure to air known to contain carbon monoxide. 3. Keeping calm when you must enter the gas or expose yourself to it. Do not hurry but get to fresh air as quickly and with as little exertion as possible.

In case of carbon monoxide poisoning, it is of great importance: 1. To send for a physician at once; 2. Administer oxygen as quickly as possible and in as pure a form as is obtainable, preferably from a cylinder of oxygen through an inhaler mask; 3. Remove the patient from atmosphere containing carbon monoxide; 4. If breathing is feeble, at once start artificial respiration by the prone posture method; 5. Keep the victim flat, quiet, and warm until orders are given by the physician.

The Wise Men were led by a star to Bethlehem, where they found Jesus. The lamp of the sanctuary is the light which shines for us and shows us where Jesus reposes.

Duty of Striving for Personal Holiness

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCHE, S. J.

THE well-meant efforts of social reformers to bring about peace, contentment, mutual forbearance, and joyful cooperation for the common good, must fail if individuals are not possessed of those powerful spiritual motives which religion alone can supply. In other words, the real higher life, the life of sanctifying grace, of freedom from mortal sin, of friendship with God, must be the lofty aim of every individual who wants to become a heaven for moral good in the community.

Only such persons can contribute efficiently to the work of social reconstruction. To point to the glorious vision of a future perfect society on earth as the only reward of well-doing and righteousness, avails little to inspire men to conquer themselves and to subdue the unruly desires of the heart.

St. John Chrysostom says: "There are those who are men in name, but not in feeling. If I see you lead a life at variance with the laws of right reason, why should I call you a man and not a beast? . . . How can I call you a man, since you have divested yourself of your dignity, of your purple, and your diadem?"

These questions ought to be considered by those persons whose heart is not clean in God's sight, but who nevertheless wish to pose as social reformers and as apostles and models of the higher life. Are we not reminded of the saying about "the blind leading the blind?" How can those who have not learned the art of governing themselves teach others the way of self-restraint? But self-control, the subduing of ill-regulated desires and appetites, even the occasional yielding of one's rights, are requisites in the establishment of the peaceful social order.

Those, however, who are not fortified by the grace of God, who have not learned to pray for spiritual help in order to resist the impulse of passion, will be apt to go down to defeat in the battle against self and the instincts of the flesh. Souls hardened in sin will even resist the grace of God, and will be blind to true values. For blindness of mind with respect to the things of the supernatural order, is one of the sad consequences of the habitual state of sin.

It is not then the repetition of such fine phrases as "the brotherhood of man," and the "religion of culture" by men who themselves are not true friends of God, that will pave the way for social progress. Men need more substantial spiritual fare than empty watchwords which are at best very poor incentives to well-

doing in the time of fierce temptation. Mr. Benjamin Kidd admits in his book on "Social Evolution" that religion is the only bond that can unite society.

It is true that the perverse teachings of Nietzsche, concerning the so-called rights of the superman, have been repudiated by the world. Our age of democracy will have none of that woeful philosophy. But are there not persons, even in the ranks of "social reformers," who arrogate to themselves rights and privileges above the "common herd of men." A self-willed interpretation of God's law, a haughty esteem of one's own judgment as the final arbiter in all questions of morality, a contempt for the wisdom of the past, and a total disregard of "authority" in matters of faith and dogma,—what are these but vain pretenses of a would-be superman, whom the whole world has learned to abominate?

It is clear then that he who wants to be conspicuous as a follower of the higher life, nay, even he who desires to be considered only a novice in its practice, must fight the evil which remains in human nature as a consequence of original sin. He must practice, at least in some degree, the Christian virtue of humility. He must acknowledge that before God he is a sinful man. A Pharisaic insistence on his courageous fight against crime and social misery, and on his efforts to advance the day of universal human happiness, avails nothing in the sight of God, unless his own heart be pure.

In the days of old many a brave knight set out with high hopes to achieve the quest of the Grail. But only a few found the symbol of peace and happiness. Among them was Galahad, whose

"Strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure."

In these days of a new paganism the world needs Galahads more than apostles of eugenics and rare culture. It wants men and women who are noted for "wearing the white flower of the blameless life." Seeing these persons "sun-crowned," who live above the sordid aims of the debased worldlings, the multitude groveling in the mire may take hope, and strive to lead lives worthy of the children of God.

This is the clear call which all those interested in social progress and in the highest welfare of the individual, should lift with trumpet voice:

"God give us men; times like those demand
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hand.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And down his treacherous flatteries without winking,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the clouds,
In public duty and in private thinking.
For, while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps."

Now, the high ideals of duty and of unswerving devotion to the common good, voiced in these ringing lines of Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland, will be realized only by men who have learned to beat down every ignoble thought, and to walk pure and holy in the sight of God. Such men will do a great deal to pave the way for the solution of our social problems.

Why we Respect Images and Pictures

Just as you respect a photograph of your parents in your home, so do you reverence a picture or statue of God, of His Blessed Mother, or any of the Saints. When you build a statue of George Washington and put it in a prominent place in your park, and plant flower-beds around it, and place a wreath beside it, you are not honoring a piece of bronze or marble, but only the memory of a great man who is represented by that statue.—M. H. Pathe, C. Ss. R., in *The Ligourian*.

Nowhere shall we find any mystery which shadows forth so many of the Divine Perfections as the Blessed Sacrament.—Faber.

Those Popular Bavarian Creams

BETTIE BARCLAY

No! Bavarian Creams are not candies. They are desserts that in many sections have become very popular of late. Perhaps it is their flavor that has won this popularity. Possibly it is because they may be composed in ten or twelve minutes by the clock. Probably it is a combination of both.

However, the Bavarian Cream is a popular dessert. Orange Bavarian Cream, according to the dietitian of a large eastern hospital which serves its private room patients *a la carte* orders, is the most frequently ordered dessert in the hospital. The fruit flavor, the ease of digestion, and the healthful ingredients make it very popular with convalescents and even with patients who are so ill that hardly anything seems to taste right or to agree with them.

The two most popular Bavarian Creams are the

Orange and Lemon. They are somewhat different—the eggs being eliminated in the orange cream, the sugar lessened and a touch of salt added. Recipes for both follow, so that those who wish, may try these desserts themselves.

ORANGE BAVARIAN CREAM: 1 cup orange juice and pulp, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup cream, sprinkling salt. Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Add to orange juice and pulp. Add lemon juice, sugar, and salt. Chill and fold in whipped cream; turn into cold mold to become firm.

LEMON BAVARIAN CREAM: 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 2 eggs, 1 cup cream. Soak gelatine in two tablespoons cold water 5 minutes. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, remainder of water and lemon juice in double boiler; when heated, add egg yolks beaten with remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Cook, stirring occasionally, until thickened. Add gelatine; turn into cold mold and stir occasionally, until cold. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites and whipped cream.

These dishes are being served for dinner and also by many, for afternoon and evening parties. As either may be made in a few minutes, a Bavarian Cream is ideal when unexpected guests drop in and find you unprepared.

No Time For Him*

M. E., O. S. B.

1
The waxen light
Is glowing bright
Around the throne
Where all alone
There stands
The God of might.

3
No time for Him!
His sacred eyes
With sad surprise
See empty choir;
For few desire
With Him to stay,
To watch and pray.

5
No time for Him!
Unhappy lot!
For when we stand
In this our land
Our face may be
So strange to see.
He'll turn away
And coldly say:
"I know you not."

2
No time for Him!
The flowers so rare
That fill the air
With perfume sweet
Die at His feet
Forgotten there.

4
No time for Him!
The angel crowd
So lowly bowed
Are fain to weep,
As guard they keep
Or cry aloud,
"Find time for Him!"

6
Find time for Him!
'Tis worth our while;
The gracious smile
Will well repay
Our love. And may
We hope to see
His face for all
Eternity! Amen!

* Lines written after visiting an almost empty church in a large city on an Exposition Day.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—According to the California State Board of Health certain rat killers may become a menace to human health. The culture of bacteria, viruses, etc., may cause disease also for man. The means recommended for exterminating rats are: the rat-proofing of buildings, removal of rat food-supply, trapping, and poisoning.

—Rats have been blamed as the carriers of plague. It is now known that the flea is the agent that spreads the plague from rat to rat, and from rat to man. In countries threatened by the plague, the flea is fought as well as the rat.

—The death rate in the United States from alcoholism is mounting steadily, and will soon reach the death rate of the pre-Volstead period. At a recent meeting of American chemists in Boston, several speakers stated that the deaths were due not so much to poisonous substances in the liquor as to too much liquor.

—The 'Rotor ship,' using revolving metal masts and wind power, has proved impracticable for actual service. A voyage to Scotland, made by a trial ship, shows that, whilst much fuel is saved, other items, such as additional insurance, etc., do not justify immediate adoption of the system.

—One of the surprises of the Mount Everest expedition in 1924 was the finding of life at such high altitudes. Small hairy spiders were found 27,000 feet above sea level. This is several thousand feet beyond the last signs of vegetation.

—50,000,000 pounds of canned frozen eggs are used annually in the United States.

—New York, as a general rule, prefers eggs with a white shell, whilst Boston prefers brown-shelled eggs. According to experts there is no sound reason for preference, since a good egg is a good egg, whether it be white or brown.

—When do we die? That is, at what hour of the day do most deaths occur? A study of deaths in New York for the year of 1923 shows that most deaths occur at one a. m., and the least at midnight and noon. The theory is advanced that the sick man, having less to interest him after the midnight hour, is more liable to succumb.

—You could put our earth in one of its pockets. Its bulk is about twenty-seven trillions that of the earth. It is the star Mira, but recently measured. This places it as the second largest star in the universe,—the largest star being Antares.

—"Anopheles Maculipennis, look out, the airplane is after you!" In plain language, the airplane is used to fight the malaria mosquito, that little insect with such a big name. The malaria germ, and its transmission by the bite of a certain kind of mosquito, are discoveries of quite recent times. Experiments are now under way to exterminate this mosquito by dusting its breeding places in the swamps with poison from an airplane.

—The toothless age promises to arrive in the near future. We are losing our teeth, because we are ceasing to use them. Nearly every person is playing the game of cramming food in and washing it down. Bolted food also shows lack of Christian self-control. Food requires four separate processes: Mastication and mixing with saliva, good digestion, thorough assimilation, and complete elimination of wastes and poisons. "Crusty whole-wheat bread alone would wipe out half of our dental diseases," declares Dr. Friend, eminent London physician. The general principle for the care of the teeth seems to tend to: "Treat them rough" in your chewing.

—Loud speakers have been installed in the Church of Notre Dame, Paris. As a result, 15,000 persons were able to hear the Lenten sermons.

—It is often stated that cooking destroys the vitamins, and again, it is stated that cooked foods may have sufficient vitamin value for health. Vitamins are food substances necessary for health, but beyond this they are little known. The apparent contradiction that cooking destroys, and does not destroy, vitamins is explained by the fact that vitamins are powerful substances, and a little goes a far way. Enough remain after cooking to work their useful and necessary effect.

—The declining birth rate in America is causing alarm as to whether the population will soon be stationary or even decline. In the years past the great increase in population has been due partly to immigration, partly to the high birth rate among the immigrants. Dr. L. I. Dublin, statistician for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., after a careful study of birth rate, declares that the United States must have an average of 3.1 children to each childbearing couple to maintain the population at an even level. Many centers of native American stock are averaging at present even less than this minimum.

—Florida boasts a private toll road through the Everglades. The road is unique in being a floating highway. The road is built on the underlying muck, and is expected to settle slowly. For this reason, no expensive top-dressing material has been used.

—Japanese beetles have invaded New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York. The beetles promise to become one of our worst insect scourges. The grub lives underground, feeding on roots of grasses and other vegetation. The adult does as much damage as the grub. Sprays cannot reach the grub under ground, and the adult is such a general feeder, that ordinary poisons are not effective. An insect parasite from Asia promises to check the pest, but no hopes are in sight for its extermination.

—The medieval alchemist dreamed of changing a common metal into gold. Reports come from Germany and Japan that mercury has been changed under the influence of electric currents so as to produce minute quantities of gold. The amount produced is so small,

and the expense so great, that the inventors caution the public against wild stories of commercial exploitation.

—The paper on which this is printed is made from soft wood. The demands of the press are exhausting the soft-wood supplies to such an extent that other wood and other materials are being sought. Experiments made with hard woods seem to promise a fresh supply of material, not cheaper in cost, but more abundant in amount.

—College instruction by radio continues to grow. One result of the teaching is that the students must show greater originality in application, since the eye is not aided by the teacher.

—Attention has been directed several times in these notes to the work of Rev. William Schmidt, S. V. D., in studies of the life, culture, folklore, and mythology of primitive races. Another work by Father Schmidt and Father Koppers, an associate, has recently appeared. It bears the title: "Voelker und Kulturen" (Races and Cultures.) The evolutionary theory of culture is again proved untenable from the history of the nations. The "Kulturkreistheorie" is again strengthened. This theory holds that similarities in the culture of now widely separated peoples is due to the common origin from a certain area. The path of migration of these similar nations may often be easily traced.

—Another unknown language has been unearthed in the recently found city of Kara Khoto in the heart of Mongolia.

—A Diesel electric locomotive, built in Germany for Russia, showed remarkable efficiency in recent tests. A Diesel engine operates on the principle of the ordinary gasoline engine, but uses oil heavier than gasoline, and discards the spark plugs. The heavy oil is sprayed into the cylinder, whereupon compression to such a high degree occurs that the heat generated by the compression is sufficient to ignite the mixture. In the locomotive mentioned, the Diesel engine drives a dynamo, which furnishes the power to the wheels. The fuel consumption of the Diesel electric, as compared with a steam locomotive, is only one-third. The average total efficiency is 27.4 per cent,—a result never before obtained.

—Civilization is said to be threatening our eyesight. Observations on a number of children show that near sight or myopia resulted during the growing years from the conditions of modern civilization. A healthy eye should withstand any ordinary strains.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Ravers may not think but thinkers sometime rave.
—Not the motto of a tramp but of a garage:—"Dodge work" a specialty.

—The still small voice of conscience often needs an amplifier.

—An expensive college education sometimes repays with only a quarterback.

—A very good thing for complexion is to let it alone.

—Europe announces a liquid to make a man brave.

It takes a brave man to drink what is made in the U. S.

—Switzerland has invented an engine, called "Hochdruckkondensationsdampflokomotive." A new word for the cross-word puzzle.

—Those that believe in free speech can get plenty over the radio.

—A pedestrian in the city will soon need a gas mask and a pair of fenders.

—A run-down man formerly took a tonic, now he takes an ambulance.

—A new time saver is to stop telling people how busy you are.

—Many men have untold wealth,—in their tax returns.

—Milk must be sold "only in original containers" according to a law passed by the Pennsylvania Senate.

—A child's new definition for dreams:—Moving pictures while you sleep.

—A model husband should be a working model.

—Insomnia can sometimes be cured by counting up to a thousand. Now for someone to teach the baby how to do it.

—With the increase in automobiles, a lazy student might choose the profession of horse doctor.

—In many modern plays the scene often becomes obscene.

—The country needs more tractors and less detractors.

—For a person who desires to meet all elements, sausage for breakfast might serve.

—If the next war is to be waged with gas, some public speakers should be sent to the front.

—If wild flowers fade quickly, why not the blooming idiot?

—Science cannot give us the stainless steal.

—Doctors advise us not to worry. Others add 'others' to the advice.

—In many a fat person food goes to waist.

MISCELLANEOUS

—In one hundred years (1822-1922) the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has watched the Church in the United States grow from nine dioceses, seventy-eight priests, and 600,000 Catholics, to 103 dioceses, 21,161 priests, and over eighteen million Catholics. The Society has given to the dioceses of the United States during that time \$7,020,974.27, while in return during the same period it has received \$1,885,681.99.

—A professor of the University of Chicago says that approximately 80 per cent of the young men and women who enter college have given up Christianity, and consequently they do not believe in prayer, nor do they consider it necessary to take God into account in making their plans.

—The new 2s. 6d. stamp of the Island of Malta bears the representation of St. Publius, with the inscription: "Primus Episcopus Melitae, A. D. 58"—the first Bishop of Malta. St. Paul adorns the ten shilling stamp, with the inscription: "Patronus Melitae"—Patron of Malta.

—Bishop Gallagher, of Detroit, dedicated the new Catholic students' chapel at the University of Michigan

on March 1st. The chapel, which is one of the most beautiful buildings of the university group, will seat 750. A resident chaplain will be in charge.

—In the Archdiocese of St. Paul a systematic effort is made to instruct all its parochial school children in the Gregorian chant according to the Justine Ward method. During the past few years Archbishop Dowling has celebrated one Pontifical High Mass each year in the Cathedral at which the boys and girls of the twin cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis) sang the *Missa de Angelis* (Angels' Mass). It is expected that more than 8,000 children will take part in the sacred chant this spring. His Grace has intimated that he will gladly accept invitations to pontificate in other cities of the archdiocese so as to give the children an opportunity to show what progress they have made. The Catholic Bureau of Education has disposed of 18,000 St. Gregory hymnals in the archdiocese.

—United in life and not separated in death may be said also of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Barry, both of whom died on March 3rd in Chicago after fifty-six years of wedded life. The husband died early in the morning and the wife joined him death before noon of the same day. The double funeral was held from St. Philip Neri Church. Mr. Barry was a descendant of Commodore Barry.

—The singular coincidence just related, of the death of husband and wife on the same day, was duplicated at Cincinnati on March 10th, when Mr. John Kenney and his wife Nora died six hours apart at the ripe old age of ninety, after sixty-five years of married life. They both came from Co. Clare, Ireland, at the age of fifteen. In 1860 they were united "until death do us part" at Pittsburgh, and one year later they went to Cincinnati to spend the remainder of their mortal lives. The funeral was held from St. Edward's Church on March 13th.

—In the episcopal city of Oklahoma the Jesuits of the Southern Province will open a high school, to which a full college course will be added gradually as the pupils advance.

—Rev. Leo Fleming, pastor at Laingsburg, Michigan, thirty years of age, died suddenly on February 21st, while undergoing a surgical operation.

—The Brothers of the Holy Cross will erect a preparatory school for Notre Dame University on a tract of 595 acres which they purchased recently near Laporte, Indiana. This property, which is but twenty miles from the University, and has control of a forty-five acre lake, lies on the Lincoln Highway, the New York Central Railway, and interurban lines.

—Rev. Thomas Jackson, a convert from Judaism, was ordained recently at Portland, Oregon.

—Another class of converts, twelve in number, was received into the Church within three months at the State University of Illinois, where 850 Catholic students are in attendance.

—Due, no doubt, in great measure to carelessness on the part of the writers, 22,000,000 letters were sent to

the dead letter office at Washington during the past year because they could not be delivered.

—An intensive mission campaign is on in Oklahoma. Bishop Kelley, founder, and for many years president, of the Catholic Church Extension Society, is brimful of the mission spirit, which seeks constant outlet in manifold activities—and his efforts are bringing results. In January and February forty-two missions were held in the diocese, and these brought about the conversion of 155. There were 432 reclamations, 25 marriages were rectified, and nearly 35,000 Communions were received. This mission campaign will be carried on till June, and then taken up again in September. The whole diocese will in this way be visited and be given a spiritual renovation, the faith of the Catholics will be stirred up, many of those who have fallen away will be brought back, and non-Catholics will have an opportunity to hear from authoritative sources what the Church really teaches. During these first two months of the year seven missions were also given to non-Catholics and thirty-five to mixed audiences; 10,000 pamphlets on Catholic doctrine were distributed. If every diocese in the United States could receive so thorough a canvass, what a blessing it would be. A thorough and vigorous campaign, such as Oklahoma is experiencing, would not only greatly increase the number of Catholics, but would have a tendency to reduce to a minimum all bigotry and anti-Catholic demonstration. Bishop Kelley is not only a member of the Church militant, but he is a leader as well.

—Following the shocks of an earthquake that shook Montreal, Quebec, early in March, fire broke out in the basilica of St. James and damaged it to the extent of about \$10,000. In Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, the roof of St. Mary's Cathedral was cracked by the same earthquake, which is reported also to have practically demolished the church of St. Hilarion, one of the best stone structures in Canada.

—To the delight of the Holy Father pilgrimages from all over the world are pouring in to Rome, the center of Christianity. A delegation of 600 Chinese was to have been among those from distant lands to undertake the long journey, but we understand that the present civil war has prevented them. The United States is also being well represented—in many instances archdioceses and dioceses either have sent, or will send, large groups headed by their Ordinaries or by other ecclesiastics.

—According to the latest edition of the official Catholic Directory of the United States the Catholics of our country number 18,654,028. During the past year 138 new parishes were established, which makes 17,284, and these are served by 23,607 priests, which is 538 more than were listed last year. The parochial schools which have an addition of 144 more, are now educating 2,038, 624 children at an immense saving to the State. Moreover, there are now 120 ecclesiastical seminaries with 11,345 students preparing for the priesthood. This number however, should be increased considerably if we are to meet the need of more priests at home and in the mission field.

—John Carroll Guild is the name of an association of mothers and other relatives of Cleveland boys who are members of the Society of Jesus. The Guild, which is an aid society, was inaugurated by Mrs. Clara Westropp, mother of Rev. Henry I. Westropp, S. J., a missionary in India. There are fifty members.

—Prof. Charles Elmer Wordsworth Griffith, well known as a reader of Shakespeare's dramas, died of pneumonia on March 3rd at Oklahoma City. The funeral took place at Warren, Ohio. Mr. Griffith, who was a convert, became a Catholic at the age of seventeen. Despite the fact that paralysis had lamed the lower part of his body, and thus deprived him of the use of his legs—he could neither walk nor stand on his feet, and had to be wheeled or carried everywhere—Mr. Griffith was a very successful interpreter of the great English bard. He is said to have committed thirty-six of the most famous dramas to memory and was able to present them faithfully. Mr. Griffith had made many tours of the United States and Canada. He had also toured the British Isles and the Continent of Europe. When setting out last autumn, he said that he was starting on his last trip, but he had no thought of its ending in eternity.

—The sale of Christmas seals in 1924 brought the National Tuberculosis Association something over \$4,500,000 with which to carry on its campaign against the white man's plague.

—At Devil's Lake, North Dakota, where Rev. Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., labored for nearly fifty years among the Indians, the Catholic Daughters of America have obtained permission from the city commission to erect a monument to perpetuate the memory of the beloved missionary.

—Teterode Straar, a converted Jew, has entered the Benedictine novitiate of St. Andrew's Abbey, in Belgium.

EUCCHARISTIC

—At the close of the Forty Hour Devotion recently in St. John Evangelist Church, Baltimore, every man in church carried a lighted candle in the procession.

—Rev. Thomas J. Wade, S. M., writing from Buka Passage, Solomon Islands, tells of the great devotion of the natives to the Holy Eucharist. In one of the groups of these islands there are natives who paddle twenty-two miles twice a month so as to be able to receive the sacraments. On Nov. 2nd the native men of Paroran Island rowed in a canoe across seven miles of rough sea merely to attend Benediction. How many Christians in civilized lands are put to shame by these simple natives.

—An increase from 10,000,000 to 50,000,000 Communions the year is said to have been brought about by the Eucharistic movement in Holland.

—It was an edifying sight on the last Sunday of March when 3,500 members of the New York police branch of the Holy Name Society, with the Governor of the State, Alfred E. Smith, at their head, received Holy Communion in a body at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Car-

dinal Hayes pontificated and Mgr. Lavelle, pastor of the Cathedral, preached. After the Mass, with Governor Smith in the lead, this great body of policemen marched down Fifth Avenue to the Commodore Hotel where breakfast was served.

—Dr. W. T. Baldus, of Brookland, District of Columbia, a good man whose life was a source of edification to his neighbor, has gone to his reward. Dr. Baldus, who was eighty-three years of age, attended Mass and received Holy Communion daily for twenty-five years. He was well known for his great charity. If his patients were too poor to purchase the medicines he prescribed, he supplied their needs gratis. His priestly son, Rev. William J. Baldus, administered the last sacraments and celebrated the funeral Mass of Requiem.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

ENGLAND:—Dom Adelbert O'Sullivan, of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, England, a nonagenarian, born in 1832, has compiled a memoir of Teresa Higginson (1845-1905), Servant of God. It is published by Sands, 4/ net, 1924. Teresa, a school teacher, lived a life which was, properly speaking, 'extraordinary' and her mystical experiences are in harmony with those of the great mystics. Her revelations on the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord have already been declared as conforming to our Catholic Faith.

The twelfth tome of the "Paléographie Musicale," published in 1922, contained the photographic reproduction of the monastic Antiphoner of Worcester, a manuscript preserved at the library of the Chapter of that city. The inspection of the reproduction aids one greatly in becoming acquainted with the state of the liturgy in that church during the thirteenth century. The late Edmund Bishop had given many penetrating observations on all the offices of the Church and the accretions thereto as Cluny had practiced them for centuries. Bishop's studies have evidently been of great profit for the editing of the Worcester Antiphoner, though one great work of his, "Liturgica Historia," is passed over. Since the publication of this manuscript, Dom Thomas Symons, O. S. B., has given a special study of the 'Trina Oratio,' the triple prayer, the monastic custom that the 'Regularis Concordia' contributed to spread, and this, according to the author, goes as far back as St. Benedict of Aniane (750-821), the great reformer of monastic discipline.

"The Mission of St. Augustine and other Addresses" is the latest book by Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B. (Bell and Sons, Ltd. \$2.50, 1924, 200 pp.) This work, coming fresh from the famous English historian, contains thirteen addresses delivered by the writer from 1897 down to 1921. As usual, the author narrates the points of English history touched upon in his trenchant, interesting way. The preface states that many of the historical facts are worth preserving and that the collection and arrangement of them have demanded much

labor on the part of the Cardinal. The sterling merit of this collection of his addresses must be acknowledged by all who are fortunate enough to read them. Many documentary notes have been inserted into the fourth address—"The Pall"—notes, which are a veritable literary gold mine. An alphabetical index enhances the value of the book and makes it quite handy for reference work.

Dr. Coulton's "Five Centuries of Religion," (Vol. I, St. Bernard, his predecessors and successors, 1000-1200 A. D.) (Cambridge University Press, 1923, 558 pp. \$6.00) has, we are aware, called forth much criticism on technical points. We shall steer clear of both Scylla and Charybdis, however, by merely examining it for the general reader. This volume is richly illustrated and gives an exposition of the development of monastic life from 1000 to 1200. Two other volumes are promised. The first treats of St. Benedict of Nursia, his Rule, his oblates, his miracles, his reforms, St. Bernard as the Cistercian ideal, Cistercians and Cluniacs. The reading of these pages is very interesting indeed. Perhaps O. Taylor, in his "Medieval Mind," has now and then understood more deeply the significance of historical truths, but, as we mentioned before, Dr. Coulton promises us two additional volumes. The author's interest in monastic history comes from the fact that he was born in Norfolkshire, a district which counted fifteen cloisters within its area of twenty miles.

FRANCE:—Our liturgical works are by no means flooding the markets of Catholic literature and even though it were so, we would not hesitate in placing the great work of Dom. F. J. Moreau, O. S. B., at the top of the heap, or, at least, quite close to the top. "The Eucharistic Liturgies, their Origin and their Development" (Vromant, Paris 1924, 247 pp.) admirably presents the relations existing between the Oriental and Occidental rites in the celebration of Holy Mass. From the liturgical viewpoint his study is of capital importance. An introduction of eight pages treats of the multiplicity of rites which the Church has adapted to the various peoples she seeks to sanctify. The Occidental rites—Roman, Dominican, Carmelite, Gallic, Ambrosian, Mozarabic, Monastic, and recent Roman—are all ably presented as to their essential differences. The Oriental rites show the same diversity. Here again the Church, in her liturgy, is 'circumdata varietate.' The Byzantine and all its various branches—Syriac, Maronite, Chaldean, Malabar, Armenian, Coptic and Ethiopian—are treated in a masterly manner. Augmenting all this are 41 illustrations of the Byzantine Mass. For the scholar there is, after the appendices, a bibliographical list of twelve pages, covering publications up to the year 1924.

"L'Oblat" of the late J. K. Huysmans, published in 1908 by the author, is now translated into English by Percival (Keegan, Paul, 7/ 6.). "L'Oblat" is one of the most popular books of Huysmans. In it, under the name of Durtal, he relates his experiences and impressions in a minute manner, touching on the Liturgy, Gregorian Chant, love for the monastic life, in fact, the whole external apparatus of Catholicism. The en-

terprise of Mr. Percival's translation gives a chance to the English reader to become acquainted with Huysman's fervent enthusiasm and his "adventures."

An artistic and complete edition of the life and paintings of the twin sister of St. Benedict is given us by Robert Triger in his "Sainte Scholastique, her life, her cultus, and her rôle as patron saint of the city of Mans" (Chaudourne, 325 pp. 8 plates, 78 drawings). The author had already given us a work on Saint Scholastica, in 1897, done in collaboration with Dom Heurtebize, O. S. B. The present edition, 1924, written entirely by Triger, in its pleasing format and its price available to all purses is sure to become popular. The artistic conception is entitled to be called a companion to Dom L'Huilliers' St. Benedict, the second edition of which appeared in 1923. St. Scholastica's relics were translated from Monte Cassino and deposited in the Church of Sts. Benedict and Scholastica of Mans. The church, containing the relics, was rebuilt by the inhabitants and was consecrated in 1922 in a solemn ceremony by His Eminence, Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, a child of the Parochial Church of Sts. Benedict and Scholastica.

The National School of Charts is the official government institution for the training of librarians, paleographers, historians, and archaeologists. By royal ordinance, this school was established in 1821 to continue the gathering of manuscripts, the wealth of documents massed in the archives of Paris and other large towns of France. This task was formerly entrusted to the Benedictines of the Saint Maur Congregation, centered at the Abbey of St. Germain des Près in Paris. Then the monks were forty in number, the two most famous of whom were Doms Montfaucon and Mabillon. Mabillon has laid down the canons of documentary criticism, which, even up to this our day, have needed no revisions or additions by historians and archivists. The first mentioned, Dom Montfaucon, was equal to Mabillon in his contribution to the sciences of chronology and paleography. The remains of these two famous monastic scientists repose in St. Benedict's Chapel at the old abbey church of St. Germain des Près.—Today the School of Charts has three classes, each numbering twenty students. It may be significant to state that the present Pontiff, Pope Pius XI, many times, while in Paris, was pleased to work among the students of the School of Charts, and they, in turn often consulted him on scientific questions whilst he was at the Ambrosian Library in Milan and the Vatican in Rome. The school celebrated its centennial in 1921 with appropriate ceremonies. Each year the old students attend a Mass of Requiem for the deceased monks and the lay members. The mission of the school is truly fulfilled, even in this our day, namely, "the mission of restoring the method of the Benedictines and basing history solely on the study of documents." There are some thirty Benedictines today who study and indulge in research work at the great National Library. Some Benedictines have always been students at the School of Charts since 1860, although the restoration of the Order in France began as early as 1837.

ITALY:—Dom Henry Quentin, O. S. B., the eminent Benedictine scholar, has published an important article in the "Analecta Bollandaria" of October, 1924, on the correction of the Roman Martyrology. There had previously existed an historico-liturgical commission for the reform of the liturgical books. This commission was composed of liturgical specialists such as His Eminence, Cardinal Ehrle, Mgr. Duchesne, Mgr. Mercati, and others equally scholarly. Leo XIII appointed the commission but a series of uncontrollable circumstances prevented the scientific efforts of the commission from reaching a satisfactory conclusion. An edition of the Roman Martyrology made its appearance in 1922, but the progress of hagiography had not been utilized to the greatest advantage. Under Pope Pius XI, the necessary critical recasting of the Roman Martyrology has been officially given to Dom Quentin of Solesmes Abbey, a member of the Pontifical Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate. That he knows his field, there is no doubt, as anyone, who consults his "Historical Martyrologies of the Middle Ages," published in 1908, may well verify.

Preparations are being made throughout the entire Camaldolese branch of the Benedictine Order for the celebration of the nine-hundredth anniversary of St. Romuald (956-1027) their founder. A triduum will be held, beginning June 19, 1927. Dom Rinaldo Facchini, pastor at St. Biagio, Fabriano, has had the shrine of St. Romuald richly and artificially restored. The relics were translated to Fabriano in 1481, the precious body of the saint having been found in 1466 in an incorruptible state. St. Romuald was a Cluniac monk of the Abbey of San Apollinare-in-Classe. He afterward became the founder of the Romualdines, as they were called up to the twelfth century. The name, 'Camaldolese,' comes from 'Campus Maldoli,' a name given by St. Romuald from its proprietor, Maldolus. Although following the Benedictine rule, the first Camaldolese were hermits and they lived a severe, ascetical life, leaving very little room for the wise, broad, and discreet dictum of St. Benedict, who wrote, "nothing harsh, nothing burdensome." Since 1080 the monks became a joint order of hermits and cenobites. The Camaldolese nuns were founded in 1012. Both monks and nuns wear an entire woolen habit of a white color. Since 1573 the Camaldolese have inhabited the old Abbey of St. Gregory the Great on the Caelian Hill, but in 1846 the Italian government confiscated that part of the abbey used by the cenobites and transformed it into a public school. In this same year the last Benedictine pope, a Camaldolese, Gregory XVI, passed away. From reliable statistics the Camaldolese numbered in 1906, 241 monks, inhabiting nineteen monasteries, and 150 nuns in five monasteries.

During the process of restoration in the Church of St. Alexander at Parma a large urn was discovered containing the body of St. Bertoldus, a Benedictine Oblate of English origin, who died in 1111. In one side of the urn was found the skull of the saint enveloped in a fine sheeting. These relics had been exhumed in 1671

by Bishop Membrini, as testified on an enclosed parchment to which the signature of the prelate was affixed.

SWITZERLAND:—Dom Ambrose Zurcher, O. S. B., of Einsiedeln Abbey, has taken the proverbial "last word" away from women, by making the "Valiant Woman" the last word for them on questions of Christian piety and duties. It is a 500 page manual of instruction and piety. Nothing is neglected in its thirty-one chapters—conjugal duties, maternal cares, attention toward domestics, duties in cases of mixed-marriages, sickness, widowhood,—even the secret of living happily with one's stepmother or mother-in-law. It recalls the ideal of a Christian spouse capable of being reached only by a Christian—a valiant woman.

The Sixth Catholic Congress of Switzerland, held at Basel, presented an occasion to the Popular Switzerland Association to organize an exposition of Catholic art. The exposition was under the patronage of the Bishop of Geneva and Lausanne, Dom Kuhn, O. S. B., and Mr. Hans von Matt, a Benedictine Oblate. Objects exposed included the best in paintings, sculpture, architecture, bindings, printings—all the graphic and decorative arts. It was a splendid success, surpassing the four preceeding expositions.

Invitation

LOLA BEERS MYSEN

Oh, run out bareheaded with me and meet the Spring!
Where maple wood pelts us with peaked hats
Three-cornered, flaming red!
Where slippery lacquered leaves of wintergreen
Lie spread like silver coins,
Where buttercups, like drunken vagabonds,
Have spilled their gold, and the new bees
Surprise the hearts of modest violets,
Anemone, frail-cupped, in breezes nod,
Offering little glimpses of the sky
In springtime cups as April dances by.
I know where swaying willows tempt the wind,
Their shining silver tassels scarlet-edged,
Swinging by each tiny gossamer thread.
And, too, beside slow reaches of the pond
Where cowslip heads gleam like a patch of sun
Against the bank, back-shadowed
With the heavy marsh grass mats;
Where windflowers drop their petals on the moss
And carpet it with thousand wonder-stars;
I'll show you fuzzy fiddle heads
That jaunty pierced the ice of March
With such fine impudence,
Unwinding skyward, now
In spiral gracefulness.
I'll tune your ears to hear
The mating birds that tremulously sing
When cedar bushes quiver with their call,
I'll dance you down the forest way
Where trilliums, full-blown, wave flags of white,
Flaunting a truce to Summer as she comes.
Oh, run out bareheaded with me and meet the Spring!



AGNES BROWN HERING

The Ascension

After He had remained forty days on earth, Christ ascended into heaven, therefore we call that day Ascension Day. He caused His Apostles to come together on Mount Olivet for His Ascension. He gave them His Blessing, and while they were watching Him, He slowly went up out of sight and there He now sits at the right hand of God the Father.

"For forty days He came and went
And comforted His own;
Sad were their hearts to feel that He
Must leave them all alone.
Until at last He led the way
Unto the mountain height—
And sending them to preach His name
Was lifted from their sight."

The Boy and the Vagabond

It was in a police court of a Nebraska city. An eighteen-year-old boy stood before the judge, charged with passing a bad check. Before the judge stood another person. It was Dan Baldwin, 50 years old, thief and vagabond, who had seen the inside of many a jail. The judge asked the older man to tell his story. He offered him a quarter if he would do so. Baldwin's clothes were shabby and torn, and he was unshaven, dirty, and friendless. With tears streaming down his cheeks he told the boy the story of his life.

"Boy, look at me. I am nothing but a bum. I have no home. All the money that I have is the quarter which the judge has just given me. I had a good mother, but I would not listen to her. I was dishonest. Don't ever steal again. You cannot get ahead of the law. I would stop stealing if I could, but now it is a habit. Ask the judge to give you a chance to show him that you can make a man of yourself."

The world is full of boys who need this advice, who need this object lesson.

The easiest way is the hardest way. It is the hopeless way. You cannot beat the law. Dan Baldwin tried it and found out. Thousands of others have tried it and found out. They fill the jails and the penitentiaries. Some of them are executed on the scaffold, others sit in the electric chair waiting for the electricity to go sizzling through their bodies.

It seems easy to steal. It may seem a good way to get money to take a gun and go out after night and hold up a victim. It may seem a safe way to get rich quick.

This sort of life takes away all the best that is in a boy or a man, and is one of the straight roads to hell. Such boys are afraid, bitter, homeless, friendless, having no faith in God.

A boy may hate the whole world, but he does not hate himself. He wishes to treat himself well. Crime takes out of life all the beauty, love, and light. It robs the thief of self-respect, of happiness, of everything that is worth while.

The boy who tries to go through life doing anything and everything that he can "get by with" will find in

the end that he has nothing. He may meet the fate of the vagabond of this story or a worse one.

"There are bridges to cross, and the way is long,
But a purpose in life will make you strong;
Keep ere on your lips a cheerful song;
Look up, my boy, look up."

Columbia's Heroes

Once again 'neath a fair summer sky,
Would we scatter our tributes of bloom,
O'er Columbia's heroes who lie
In the long, silent sleep of the tomb.

In the gloom of the low prison walls,
And on fields where the red sabres leapt,
Many hearts heard the solemn death call,
While Columbia sorrowed and wept.

O'er these heroes who silently lie,
Shall the fairest of flowers be strewn,
While Old Glory, in triumph on high,
Waves to honor Columbia's own.

Memorial Day

The practice of decorating the graves of the soldiers has long been a custom in the old world, but in no country is it made a day of national observance as it is in our own United States. It was during the Civil War that a special day was set apart to visit the graves of the soldiers and strew them with flowers. President Ulysses S. Grant recommended that May 30th be observed as a national decoration day, and by an act of congress this day was designated as a legal holiday.

President McKinley has said, "A nation which cares for its disabled soldiers, as we have always done, will never lack defenders. The national cemeteries for those



SH! I GOT A BITE

who fell in battle are proof that the dead as well as the living have our love."

We can best honor the soldier who fell in defense of his country by being loyal to that country. The most loyal citizen, the best patriot, is the one who gives his best to his country.

Our country is now at peace, but there are moral conflicts to fight, and it is our patriotic duty to teach the children at an early age the names of the brave men who saved the union, and to instill in them a reverence for all who have died for the stars and stripes.

As we assemble in God's Acre on Memorial Day, to cover the graves of the heroic dead with garlands, the past rises before us like a dream. We seem to hear the sounds of preparation for war. We hear the loud reverberating drums and the silver-voiced bugles. We see once more the line of soldiers approaching with stately tread, with flying banners, keeping time to martial music and marching away to die for the eternal right. We picture them on blood-stained fields, in hospitals of pain, in the wild storm of battle, and under the quiet stars. We see them pierced with musket balls, torn by shells, in the trenches, and in the whirlwind of the charge where men become as iron with nerves of steel.

We picture the home when the news comes that they are dead. We seem to see the young maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We observe the mother, her heart bursting with silent grief. We see the bowed head of the aged sire.

Those gallant men who fought with the great Abraham Lincoln have, with very few exceptions, answered the last roll call. The few remaining veterans of the Civil War are patiently waiting for taps to sound that they, too, may enjoy the serenity of death.

The character of the men who comprise the United States Army is shown by the following letter written by one of the boys who fought "Over There" during the World War, to his father on the occasion of his birthday. He said:

"My dear Father: I just wanted to write you a letter on your birthday. I don't know when I may mail it, but I will take a chance anyway.

"I want to thank you as your son. You have always been to me the best father a man could wish. I want to thank you for the gift of a strong, clean, and vigorous body that can serve America in her need. Most of all, I want to thank you for the long years of self-denial that made my education possible, for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight through the days of my youth, for the counsel ever freely given when asked, and for all the noble things in your example.

"I surely hope that you will celebrate many more birthdays and that I shall be home for the next one. May the coming years bring to you wider fields of service and honor, strength to perform your work, and in the end, peace, contentment, and quiet rest. Your son a soldier of the United States, salutes you with love and devotion.

Jimmy."

When the literature of the war shall be gathered and published, Jimmy's letter will occupy a prominent place in it. The boy's appreciation of what his father had done for him is an honor to his intellect and to his manhood. The strength of the army of the United States is revealed in the character of this young man. With such men it can do no less than conquer.

Jimmy gave his life for the cause that was so precious in his sight. His own words are an assurance that he fell, happy that he could serve America in her need.

On this Memorial Day, Jimmy's country saluted him and his noble comrades who, like him, made the supreme sacrifice. Let us garland the graves of the heroic dead and honor those who offered their lives on freedom's altar, but whose sacrifice was not needed, and who were permitted to return to us. Let us show them while yet

there is time that we honor them. "A rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."

In the words of the Great Emancipator let us "here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"Hail, ye heroes worn and weary!
Hail, ye victors in the sky!
Hail, our grand and honored army!
Never will your glory die.
Hush, the camp ground we are nearing,
Where the soldiers lie asleep,
Never more the standard bearing,
Shall they wake to war, or weep.

"God, our King, we stand before Thee,
Soldier's mourners, children sweet,
Bless our nation, we implore Thee,
Make it for thy service meet.
Let no bigotry divide us,
Make us one in faith, and free;
In the path of justice, guide us.
Help us, Lord, we trust in Thee!"

Washington Told It

And they say that George Washington never told a lie, but that doesn't refer to fairy stories, or make-believe stories, does it? I am told that this story of the old, old man, and the old, old woman who lived together in a vinegar bottle was a story that Washington told to his tiny friends. The story goes like this:

Once upon a time ever and ever so long ago, a little old man and a little old woman lived together in a vinegar bottle. He was sour and she was sour. They never spoke sweetly to each other. He was Mr. Pickle and she was Mrs. Pickle. She took care of the house and he took care of the garden. One morning when Mrs. Pickle was all out of sorts and as cross as cross could be, she took the broom and began to sweep the house with a bangity bang, bang, bang. The house was strong, but that morning Mrs. Pickle switched her broom around with a whackety whack, whack, whack, and the house couldn't stand it and it broke with a crackity, crackity, crack, CRASH! and fell in a thousand pieces on Mr. Pickle's garden. "Oh Mr. Pickle, Mr. Pickle, I have knocked the house down."

Mr. Pickle smiled a sour smile and said, "I always knew you would knock the house down."

Mrs. Pickle did not make an angry answer but smiled and said, "My dear, we have the door left. Let us go out in the world and make our fortunes.

So they walked, and they walked, and they walked, and Mr. Pickle dragged the door after them. Mr. Pickle said:

"I think that it will safer be
If you and I sleep in a tree."

So Mr. Pickle climbed up in the tree, and dragged the door after him. Mrs. Pickle climbed up, too, but she grumbled as usual. You see she had been shut up too long in the vinegar bottle.

Soon Mr. and Mrs. Pickle were sound asleep on the door. At last Mr. Pickle heard voices:

"Here we come riding,
Three robbers bold,
In deep woods hiding,
To divide gold."

Mr. and Mrs. Pickle were so scared that they shook with fright, and they shook so hard that they shook the door loose and it fell with a terrible bang to the ground below. The robbers were so frightened that they

fled, leaving their gold behind them. In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Pickle saw the pile of gold. They did not see the gold till the day was bright because they were so scared and so cold that they shivered all night, and until the sun came up.

Mr. Pickle took the money and went to the fair to buy a cow. On the way back with the fine red cow which he had bought, he saw a man playing bagpipes and receiving a lot of money.

Mr. Pickle thought this music finer than a cow, and he traded the cow for the bagpipes, but since he could not play, the small boys laughed at him.

Mr. Pickle traded off the bagpipes to a man for a pair of warm gloves for his cold hands. Soon he met a man who carried a stout stick. He thought he should like to have such a stout stick, and soon he traded with the man. He then went singing on his way. You see the fresh air and sunshine had sweetened him up.

When Mrs. Pickle heard what he had done she laughed at him and called him a simpleton. She was sweet, too, after having been in the fresh air and sunshine. "You may use your stick for a fish pole. Our new home is in the hollow oak by the stream that runs through the meadow. The bees stored honey there long ago. All day I have swept and dusted the honey house. You may catch fish for a living. That will be easier than milking a cow."

And that is how it happened that the old, old man, and the old, old woman, who had lived so long in the vinegar bottle and were as sour, as sour could be, went to live in the honey house where there was sweetness forevermore.

Spring Song

Say ma, you know it's gettin' awful hot?
Just playin' one-old-cat I sweat a lot!
A frog was croakin' in the pond last night,
The poplar buds is gettin' mighty tight,
The pie-plant's up a half a foot, I know,
The purple flags was green a week ago.
There's signs of spring around most everywhere—
I wisht' at I could change my unwearies!
Ma, kin I?

Their's itchin' me to beat the very band.
Say, ma, it's gettin' more'n I kin stand!
The wax-wings was a-flyin' north today,
I heard a robin scoldin' at a jay.
The seedin's sproutin' in the stubble field
And pa is wonderin' will the clover yield.
It's spring, you see; why look 'most anywhere—
I wisht' at I could change my unwearies!
Ma, kin I?

They sticks and scratches me like all gitout,
I'm going bugs, there aint' a bit a' doubt!
I seen a crocus peekin' through the ground,
I think a honey bee was stirrin' round.
The sap is risin' in the sugar trees,
I smell a wiff of willows on the breeze
It's spring, I tell you, ma, est everywhere—
I wisht' at I could change my unwearies!
Ma, kin I?

—P. D. Gog in *Chicago Tribune*.

What Insolence

The flashing worlds in heaven's blue
Obey at his command.
The glowing sun and mellow moon
Are guided by His hand.

Sweet violets, bowing pretty heads,
Adore the reigning King.
The happy birds in sweetest lays
His mighty praises sing.

From little acorns at His word,
Majestic oak trees grow.
Small brooks and rivers feed the sea,
Their God ordains it so.

O'er all but one—and that but dust—
The Mighty holds His sway.
What insolence!—that these should serve,
And man should disobey!

—Edwin G. Borserine in *Abbey Student*.

Letter Box

(All communications for the "Letter Box" should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Margaret Cloughessy, who lives at 45 Platt St., Ansonia, Conn., asks admission to the "Corner." She is twelve years old and is in the seventh grade of Assumption School. Her brother, who is fifteen, is a freshman in the Ansonia High School. "Please have some of the Cornerites correspond with me," she pleads in closing. She enclosed some jokes for the "Exchange Smiles."

Miss Teddy Roberts, of 50 Riverside St., Watertown, Mass., writes an interesting letter in which she also makes application for a place in the "Corner." Miss Teddy is looking forward to her nineteenth summer. She has been through high school and is working in Boston, but at the same time she is attending night school so as to better her condition. "Watertown," she says, "is one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts, having been founded nine years after Plymouth Colony. During the Revolution Washington had his headquarters in one of our houses. A factory that employs thousands makes Watertown noted for its rubber goods. A Government Arsenal completes its possessions.... If I hadn't seen Catherine Barret's letter and Florida Crackers, I would have been afraid to write. Come on, girls, let's rally! All ye big girls, write to the 'Corner.' We can have some lovely times." Teddy asks for correspondents.

Margaret Walsh and Anna Rekuc, of 367 Sheridan Ave., Albany, N. Y., also ask for correspondents.

Anna Harrington, a 13-year-old girl, of 24 Vine St., East Providence, R. I., has, after reading "the Grail" for two years, at last written to the "Corner." She is in the eighth grade. Will some of the Cornerites write to her?

Jessie Duffey, a little Miss of ten, writes from her home at Big Timber, Montana, Box 281. She has brown hair and brown eyes and is in the sixth grade. Jessie would like to hear from some of the Cornerites. Perhaps sometimes she will tell us about the mountains and whether there are any large wild animals where she lives.

"Dear Aunt Agnes," writes Edna Clarkson of 324 Morris St., Gloucester, N. J., "Here I am again! Thanks ever so much for admitting me to the 'Corner.' As a result I have received six of the loyliest letters from boys and girls (I suppose I should say ladies and gentlemen) who thought they, too, were too old to write in. Here's hoping there are a few more who will write to an 'Older Cornerite.'"

"Now I have a new candidate for you—my sister, Marie. She is fourteen and in first year high. Maybe some of those who read the 'Corner' may like to correspond with her, too.

"I will write in again and will also have Marie write and tell you about our little City here in Jersey. Shall we?

"P. S. After what you said, I guess I'll never grow old."

Yes, Edna, let us hear from you again and from your sister Marie too.

Writing from Ely, Minn., Rose M. Kovall says: "I just finished reading my special page 'The Children's Corner.' It shocked me to see very few letters and where are all the sixteen and seventeen year cousins? Let's all get together and write peppy letters. Don't work too hard on Cross-word puzzles. No doubt mostly all of you are cross-word fans. Not so with me, it's too much work."

"Those who are waiting to be answered please forgive me for not writing sooner as I was quite busy."

Through Vida Sargent the children of St. Mary's R. C. School, Princethorpe near Rugby, England, have written for the "Corner" the following interesting letter to the editor of THE GRAIL. It is the first letter that we have received from our English cousins. May others be encouraged to write also. The letter, which was written April 6th, reads as follows:

Dear Rev. Father,

Our school is quite near to the Benedictine Priory and a Sister there named Mother Mary gave our teacher "The Grail" to read to us, and we enjoy the Children's Corner very much. There are two girls writing letters to Miss Agnes Brown Herring this afternoon, other girls are going to write later. We should very much like to have letters from other girls across the Atlantic, and hear what kind of life you lead over there.

This morning we had a Benedictine priest here to see us and he remarked what a nice school we had, and how happy we all looked. He also said that our lessons were very interesting.

We have Sisters of Mercy to teach us. They live in a small Convent in the Priory grounds, and they go to the Priory for Mass, and Benediction, etc.

We have not seen any letters from English children in "The Grail" and we are wondering if we are the first. I hope we are. All the children wish you a very happy Easter, and we are all looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Mariathal Mission,
P. O. Iropo, S. Africa,
6th Febr., 1925.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

According to my last letter to you I should be by now a deserter, but no, that shall not happen. I am resuming my writings to you as ever I can, and if you were pleased by them I would have achieved my aim; as I write for your's and people's good and also for my good.

I have had no chance to go to Centocow any more and perhaps years may elapse until I go there. Now I do not know if you received the very saddening message that we have lost one of our greatest Benefactors, the beloved Sister Philippine Treumund, C. P. S., who departed this life on the 8th December ult. May she rest in peace. May you remember her at prayers.

As I am writing now at Mariathal, His Lordship the Rt. Rev. A. Fleischer, R. M. M., of whom I told you so much, is starting to sea for America. He will go to visit the Mariannhill Stations in America, which are not well known to me either save an only one in which there lives Rev. Father Thomas Newschwanger, R. M. M., at 5123 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Michigan. He, (F. Thomas), was once our own missionary Priest here; then Assistant to Father Emmanuel Haniach, R. M. M., who accompanies His Lordship over the seas. F. Thomas publishes the "Mariannhill Missionary" per month and "Vergissmeinsicht" and other papers. The Bishop

will also, I was told, go to Rome. He is of great estimation to us as he is also Superior-General of a society that works exclusively and devotedly for natives.

Recently there arrived in Natal His Lordship Bishop Spreiter, O. S. B. He works among the Zulus also very devotedly. He began his work in 1921 in Zululand. He has yet few but zealous workers in the Natal vineyard. I learn Latin here with the hope of reaching the Priesthood. I may not read "The Grail" now as there is none to give me and it grieves me. Wishing you God's speed always,

Your loving nephew,

Anton J. Kuboni.

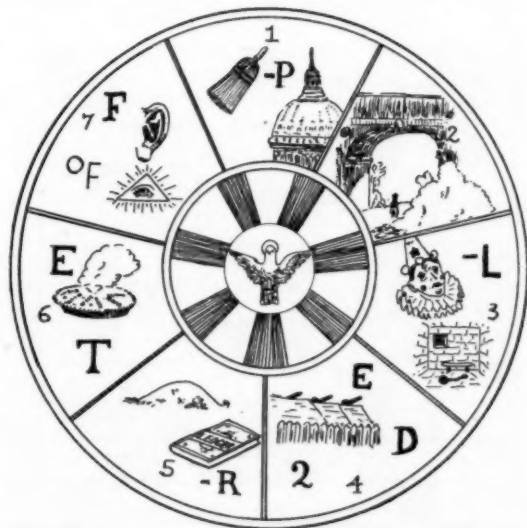
P. S. I must not forget to let you know that I am now learning the "First steps in Latin" in our newly opened, so to say, "University," which by no means show the zeal of our native young Seminarians who have flocked in from every quarter of our country of S. Africa.

The Bishops' council, held at Bloemfontein, resolved that Mariannhill Missionaries already experienced authorities in Native Affairs should take the task of bringing up native Priests. Mariathal Mission Station has the luck of nurturing the very homely foundation of such an enormous and extensive work as the Priesthood demands.

A. J. K.

Wouldn't some of the Cornerites like to "chip in" and send "The Grail" to Anton Kuboni? You see that he enjoys reading it. We know that the Cornerites will offer up an occasional prayer for him that he may succeed with his studies and become a priest. See what wonderful work is being done for the Zulus in South Africa.

Picture Puzzle—7 Gifts of the Holy Ghost



The puzzle-picture for April contained the names of the twelve Apostles as follows: St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James the Less, St. John, St. Philip, St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, St. Matthew, St. James the Greater, St. Thaddeus (Jude), St. Simon, Judas (Ischriot).

The Twelve Apostles

It is not easy, says the *Ave Maria*, to rhyme the names of the Twelve Apostles—Bartholomew, Simon Zelotes, etc. Mrs. Helen Parry Eden, in a beautiful new

book entitled "A String of Sapphires," does so in this happy way:

These are the Twelve Apostles' names:

Simon (called Peter), John and James
(Whom Christ kept most about Him),
Bartholomew (whom some folks guess
To be Nathaniel), James the Less,
Thomas (who was to doubt Him),
Andrew and Philip, Matthew, (he
Who took the tolls in Galilee,
And when Our Lord said, "Follow Me,"
Left all things and obeyed Him),
Simon Zelotes (tenth), and Jude
(Eleventh of that brotherhood),
And Judas (who betrayed Him).

If you remember that in Latin "I" and "J" are interchangeable, you can easily keep the names of the twelve Apostles under the word BAPTISM:

B Bartholomew

A Andrew

P Peter, Philip

T Thomas

I (J) James, John, James the son of Alphaeus, Jude,
Judas Iscariot

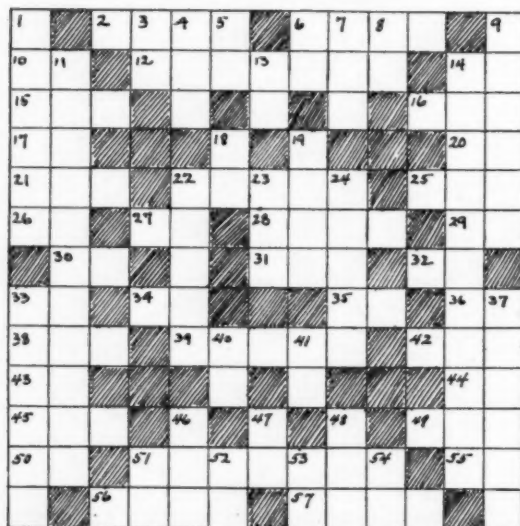
S Simon

M Matthew

Of these twelve Matthew and John were also Evangelists, as were also Mark and Luke. St. Paul joined the Apostles later, and St. Matthias was chosen to fill the place of the apostate Judas Iscariot.

Answer to Alice Letscher's drop-letter puzzle: E-g-e is Eugene, E-w-r is Edward, E-l-n is Ellen, E-e-y- is Evelyn.

The Cross-Word Puzzle



Horizontal

Vertical

2—To gather grain by cutting

6—Chart (plu.)

10—Psalm (abbr.)

12—Deprived of an arm

14—Suffix to form nouns of agency

15—A cushion

1—To come in sight

3—Each (abbr.)

4—Skillful plan

5—Afternoon (abbr.)

6—Pronoun of first person (obj. case)

7—Stupid fellow

8—Postscript (abbr.)

16—A tint

17—Prefix meaning out

20—Confederate Army (abbr.)

21—Part of a curve

22—Strips of wood to make a barrel

25—Standard unit of electrical resistance

26—Rear Admiral (abbr.)

27—Sixth tone of musical scale

28—Hog's thigh (plu.)

29—Like

30—Mile (abbr.)

31—A very high mountain

32—A particle that marks an alternative

33—Personal pronoun (3 pers. mas.)

34—Prefix meaning not

35—Titanium (abbr.)

36—Personal pronoun (3 pers. neut.)

38—A single unit

39—A hard black wood

42—United States Revenue (abbr.)

43—Near

44—Topographical Engineer (abbr.)

45—A male sheep.

49—Energy

50—Delete (abbr.)

51—A fire built in the open air

55—Company (abbr.)

56—To gainsay

57—In a healthy condition

9—Mental images had during sleep (plu.)

11—Pertaining to a Sacrament

13—Behold!

14—Pertaining to the Blessed Sacrament

18—Street (abbr.)

19—Shaped like an egg

22—An animal of the weasel family

23—Exclamation of triumph

24—Containing nothing

33—To store up in secret (3 pers. sing.)

37—A trembling

40—A prefix meaning two

41—Not any

46—Past of win

47—Pertaining to

48—An epoch

51—To exist

52—New York (abbr.)

53—3 Pers. sing. present of to be

54—A suffix meaning to make



Solution to April Cross-Puzzle

G	R	A	I	L		G	R	I	S	T
	A	N	N		M		O	N	E	
A	I	D		E	A	R		K	E	G
C	N		A	N	N	A	S		D	A
E		A	D	D		T	A	G		G
	I	H	S				I	O	U	
C		A	N	Y		E	N	D		H
O	F		Y	E	A	S	T		P	A
D	I	D		T	N	T		I	A	M
	R	A	G		S		I	N	C	
P	E	D	A	L		A	N	G	E	L

Cross-Word Puzzlers

Mrs. Myers—Howard, you should come and listen to this very informative address over the radio.

Mr. Myers—Don't interrupt me with unimportant matters.

Mrs. Myers—What are you doing?

Mr. Myers—I am solving a cross-word puzzle.

Goode—Did Henry Peck say that he was pleased with cross-word puzzles?

Barnes—Yes; he says they keep his wife busy while he does the housework.

Asker—Is your wife entertaining this winter?
 Teller—Not very; she's too much absorbed in cross-word puzzles.

"Exchange" Smiles

"Hello! What's the matter, little boy? Are you lost?"

"Yes. I might have known better'n to come out with Grandma. She's always losin' somethin'."

While visiting a parish of his diocese, the bishop also paid a visit to the children of the parochial school. He had observed a number of notices posted referring to the "Bishop's Visitation." With this in mind, he asked the children the meaning of the word "visitation." One little fellow, braver than all the rest, ventured to reply: "Please, sir, it's a plague sent by Providence."

"Can any little boy tell me what a fish net is made of?" required the visitor who was examining the class. "A lot of little holes tied together with strings," smiled the never-failing bright boy.

The "Little Flower" an Inspiration to Missionaries

We hear much of the word *inspiration* nowadays. A business man is inspired with a zeal to attain success. And why? Merely because he wishes to advance his interests or those of his family. At the time when basket ball fervor is at its height, we read of a team's being inspired to fight hard for victory. Again we ask the reason and we are told they realize that the prestige of their school depends upon their efforts. What then is this "inspiration" which pervades the whole human life? It is a power within us which urges us to do something because of the good which will result. This secret power can be for either good or bad, but the term "inspiration" is generally used in reference to good.

But how can the "Little Flower" be an inspiration to missionaries, since inspiration is by its very nature spiritual? Just as the happiness of his family urges a business man to success, and the honor of his school, a basket ball player to victory, so can, and so should, the example of Soeur Therese cause missionaries to put forth greater efforts in their labors. Her love of God was so intense that no burden was too great for her to bear. Missionaries are fighting in the same cause as she fought and like her, the love of God should be renewed in their souls. Perhaps they may not be able to love God so ardently as she, yet her example will always be a reminder of what one soul can accomplish through this love. Let her example of doing all for the love of God be imitated by every true missionary and then, what the happiness of his family is to a business man or the honor of his school is to an athlete, that will the example of the "Little Flower" be to missionaries, namely, an inspiration.

Abbey and Seminary

—For some weeks spring was in process of opening. Now it is in full bloom. During the past six months there has been little, if any, complaint about wet

weather. A few April showers, however, have added vigor and grace and verdure to sprouting vegetation.

—March brought considerable sickness in its trail, especially the "flu" and several cases of pneumonia. Mumps is the latest addition to the list of afflictions. The Very Rev. Rector of the College was also in the grip of the flu for some weeks.—The coming of warm sunshine and pleasant weather has infused better spirits and new courage into the victims that were.

—Among our recent guests was the Abbot of St. Peter's Abbey, Salzburg, Austria, the Rt. Rev. Peter Klotz, O. S. B. After visiting some of the Benedictine abbeys in this country, His Lordship returned to Europe.

—Shortly before 2 a. m. on the morning of April 4th our house bell clanged for a moment or two, then followed a few quick strokes on one of the tower bells. Those who were aroused by the harsh sounds of the bells at such an unusual hour made haste to discover the cause of the alarm. Vaal Brothers' store in the village at the foot of the hill was ablaze. Pumps, operated by man power, forced a strong stream of water on the fire. Here the seminarians rendered splendid service. Despite all efforts, the store with its contents, as well as an adjoining dwelling house, could not be saved. The morning papers of nearby towns, from the meager information they had been able to receive through crippled telephone service, came out with bold headlines announcing the fire. Many calls came in during the day to ascertain whether we had been burned out and to offer assistance, if needed. We are grateful both that we were spared and for the sympathy shown us.

—Palm Sunday and Holy Week with all their beautiful and significant ceremonies are over again. Father Thomas has reason to feel elated with the success of his excellent choir, which played a prominent part in the inspiring services.

—On Palm Sunday Father Abbot blessed and distributed the palms. He was celebrant also of the Mass on Thursday, Friday, and Sunday.—The deacons of the Seminary were called away to assist at the Cathedral and at other churches. Most of the priests of the community were likewise absent, assisting pastors or conducting services on the missions.

—Now that we have good roads, especially to the West, many visitors came, either by automobile or by train, to see the impressive services of Holy Week carried out in their entirety. Many fathers and mothers, besides other relatives and friends, were among those who spent the holy days with us.

—Before long we shall have an improved highway all the way to New Albany, Louisville, and all the other great cities East and South. Last autumn the grading of this roadbed was completed as far as Leavenworth, from which place there is a hard-surfaced road into New Albany. On April 21st, before this issue reaches our readers, bids for contracts for hard-surfacing this stretch of highway will have been received. The contracts will be let out in nine sections and no contractor may take more than two sections. This will expedite the work. Furthermore, the State Highway from Tell

City north, which intersects our highway at St. Croix, and leaves it again at Sulphur, continuing north through English to Paoli, is likewise to be hard-surfaced from Sulphur on. Bids for this work will be received on the same day. We shall eventually have a direct route to Indianapolis and all other points north.

—After a three years' postgraduate course in dogmatic theology at Innsbruck, Austria, Rev. Raymond Stoll received his S. T. D. on March 21st. Dr. Stoll will make a pilgrimage to Rome before returning to Cincinnati in May.

—Among the recent changes that effect our alumni in the Belleville diocese, we note that Rev. John Goetz has gone from Murphysboro to St. Joseph's Church, Cairo, as assistant; Rev. William Wigmann was changed from Cairo to Breeze; Rev. Peter Goetzhauser is pastor of Equality.

Book Notices

Customs Duties on Ecclesiastical Goods, by James R. Ryan, Associate Director of N. C. W. C. Department of Laws and Legislation, a reprint from the *Ecclesiastical Review*, has been issued in pamphlet form.

The Parish Visitor, an interesting monthly of 64 pages, which hails from New York City (328 West 71st St.) is a vocational magazine published by the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, a recently established religious community of home missionaries, trained catechists, and social workers. In order not to be hampered in the accomplishment of their mission, the Parish Visitors wear no distinctively religious garb. Their novitiate is at Marycrest, Monroe, N. Y.

The Universal Knowledge Foundation (119 East 57th St., New York) has issued in pamphlet form, "as a souvenir to visitors at the Vatican Missions Exposition," a special index to articles in the Catholic Encyclopedia on subjects that bear upon the missions.

An interesting little monthly of 16 pages, devoted to the Blessed Sacrament and St. Philomena, now in its second year, is published by the nuns of St. Monica's Priory, Hoddlesdon, Herts, England.

"The Relation of Religious Instruction to Education" is the title of an excellent discourse that was delivered by Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., D. D., at a conference on "Weekday Religious Education" at Indianapolis, January 13, 1925. The discourse treats of religion in school, some popular misunderstandings regarding the Catholic parochial school, why religious schools, the ideal school, etc. The Indiana Council of the Knights of Columbus have been instrumental in publishing in pamphlet form for free distribution Dr. Cavanaugh's discourse, which deserves a wide distribution.

"For God and Country" is the watchword of "America's Mission—A Book of the Hour," by Mrs. J. T. Whipple, of Glenmora, La. The author of this timely booklet, which is inspired by true patriotism, shows how America is providentially chosen as the cradle of liberty and must, for this reason, nurture and cultivate true Christianity. America has the glorious mission of raising to Christian brotherhood the men that seek her shores, and in the interests of peace and harmony to the rest of mankind she must lend a helping hand. But the peace plan given to the world by Jesus Christ is preserved perfect only in the doctrine of the Catholic

Church. Far, very far though we be from these ideals, this ambition must be the guiding star of every true American that we may fulfill our God-given mission. The student of the social question will find in this booklet many valuable suggestions and remedies for political and economic evils. P.

It is gratifying to see among recent publications a goodly array of books treating of our sacred liturgy, especially numerous editions of the Missal in the vernacular conveniently arranged for the laity. The latest publication of this class is the "Student's Edition" of Father Lasance's "The New Missal for Every Day," which is a complete missal in English, with introduction, notes of explanation, and a book of prayer. In matter and arrangement this edition, which appears in a neat and durable binding, is the same as "The New Missal for Every Day," now so generally popular. The exceptionally low price of \$1.75 for a book of 1350 pages should bring this missal within the reach of the Catholic laity generally so that they can easily follow out the injunction of Pope Pius X not only to *pray during Mass*, but to *pray the Mass*. Benziger Brothers, the publishers, are to be complimented on this excellent edition of the Missal, which should be placed in the hands of our young people in the high schools, academies, and colleges. X.

We are happy to welcome a series of liturgical articles published in book form. Such a book, replete with information on the sacred liturgy, is Rt. Rev. Mgr. Hugh T. Henry's "Catholic Customs and Symbols," Varied Forms of Catholic Usage, Ceremony, and Practice, briefly explained. Conducting the reader through an imaginary cathedral, the learned liturgist reveals the beauties of Catholic customs and symbols in 82 highly interesting and instructive chapters. A few chapter titles, selected at random, will indicate the character of this splendid work. In the first part, chapters 1 to 10, the Façade of the Cathedral, we find Catholic Joyfulness, Origin of Catholic Symbolism, Church Bells, etc. The second part, chapters 11 to 54, the Interior of the Cathedral, brings out the beauty of Church Ceremonial, Liturgical Colors, Ecclesiastical Proprieties (etiquette of the sanctuary), Liturgical Silences, the Liturgical Year, Passiontide, etc. Part three, (chapters 55 to 82), takes us to the Lady Chapel of our imaginary cathedral and explains the more difficult titles given to our Blessed Lady in the Litany of Loretto: Mirror of Justice, the "Vessel" of the Litany, Ark of the Covenant, and others, Symbolism of the Scapular, Flowers, Symbolic Numbers, etc. This excellent book, which contains 322 pages, and sells for \$1.90, is published likewise by Benziger Brothers. X.

Inez Speckling's "Boy" is a very human picture of an ordinary Catholic boy from early childhood till he finds the last "one and only." The episodes of this story are so extraordinarily ordinary, they reflect so aptly the American Catholic boy as we so well know him, that the book stands in a class by itself. It is one of the best boy books by late Catholic authors. One is sorry to come to the last page. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Net \$1.25. H. D.

In "Sonnets of a Simpleton and Other Poems," by A. M. Sullivan, (D. S. Colyer, Newark, N. J.), the sonnet lover will find a variety of beautiful thoughts expressed in this noblest fixed form of English verse. The poet aims at simplicity, "his food is scorned by the philosopher who brands it poison," (the Simpleton), and attains success according to the author's own definition of that term: "He knows Success who wins his neighbor's heart... who knows his lowly part, but keeps his thoughts a-climbing to the skies." P.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Three Schemers

IT was Sunday afternoon after Benediction, and the girls were enjoying the soft Spring breezes under the trees of the campus, where they were free to sit and chat until the supper bell rang. They had just come back from the Easter vacation, and had much to tell. Helen Warren was holding the company's attention just then by a recital of her brother's adventures at college, which he had detailed to her at length when they were both at home during Holy Week.

"It is a very old building, you know—they are building a new one out in the country, and it will be ready in the fall. The boys had complained of being bothered with rats in the night; the cunning fellows seemed to know that the faculty no longer cared to do anything about it, since the building was soon to be abandoned. They would come in the evening, while the boys were studying in their rooms, and boldly march about in search of something to eat. Once when my brother was hard at work, he looked up in time to see a rat sitting on his pile of books and beginning to nibble the edge of his trigonometry book.

"Go to it, old fellow!" cried Jim, hurling a Greek grammar at it. "Take this one too and chew it up good and proper! I hate the old stuff! But don't get indigestion from it."

"Then, one night, he woke up with a peculiar sensation of a presence in the room. When he opened his eyes, there was a great old grandfather of a fellow sitting up on his blanket, holding something between his forepaws and nibbling at it. He shooed it away, and next morning he found his brand new artgum eraser half gnawed away on the bed."

There was a chorus of laughs, as the girls looked up to see Sister Jean Marie approaching them.

"What's the joke about?" she asked, smiling in her pleasant way.

"Sit here, Sister, sit here, Sister!" cried several voices, as their owners moved up on the lawn benches to make room for her. "Helen is telling her brother's adventures at college. Go on, Helen."

"Well, the boys made complaints, but getting no satisfaction, grew tired of their nocturnal visitors, and one day they confabbed together and decided to do some rat-catching on their own account. So, on the night appointed, they all gathered in Jim's room after 'lights out.' One had a baseball bat, one a poker he had fished

out of the ash pit, another a broomstick, another a sock full of sand, etc. They turned the gas low and waited beside a hole in the wainscoting. Soon an inquisitive nose was poked out at the piece of cheese that had been placed there as a bait. Out it crept, further and further. Bang! Went a club—and one rat lay dead. Then another and another and another, until fully nine rats had been caught.

"But the next question was, what to do with them now that they were caught? 'Hide 'em under the mattress,' suggested one. 'No; put 'em in a pillow slip and let Jim sleep on 'em.' 'Throw 'em out the window,' suggested a third." It seemed a good suggestion, so Harry Blake, the ringleader, opened the window, and gingerly picking one up by the tail, flung it out. Then another, and another. Then, suddenly, footsteps were heard in the corridor. 'Jiggers, fellows!' they all whispered, but what was such a crowd to do? Where to hide? The door opened and the prefect entered.

"So!" he cried. "Who threw that rat on my head?" It seemed the Reverend Brother, having a headache, had obtained permission to walk out in the air awhile, meanwhile saying his rosary. No one stirred; no one would give away the secret. 'Very well,' said Brother Cyril. 'Not one of you will stir a step out of this room tonight, until I find out the culprit.' Now Harry, being a very manly sort of fellow, touched by their loyalty, spoke up. 'Please, sir, I did it.' But then the others all chimed in, 'But we advised him to do it, sir; we didn't know what else to do with them!'

"Then a telltale twitching around Brother Cyril's mouth caused an explosion of laughter all around. 'Sh-h-h!' he commanded, becoming stern again. 'Do you want to wake up the whole school? Harry, since you are so fond of these fellows, you may take them out to the ash pit, and—I will deal with the rest of you in the morning. To your beds!'

A gale of laughter passed over the girls, in which the nun joined, and quite a number of others had joined the little group in order to listen. Then Lillian and Estelle each contributed a story, followed by one which Sister Jean Marie told of her own boarding school days.

"And, oh girls, we are to have a new girl next week!" she announced.

"Oh, do tell us her name!" they all cried.

"I don't know it as yet, but I hear that her parents are obliged to go West because of the father's health, and they are placing her here for the balance of the

school year and over the summer. They are not very wealthy people—in fact, I think they are quite poor, so I hope you girls will not show off any airs before her. I want you all to be as humble and sweet toward her as if she were not a poor man's daughter. Do you hear?"

"We will, Sister."

"I don't want any bragging about what you have at home—your clothes, your motor cars, or possibly, jewelry. I have heard one or two of the girls trying to 'Blarney' to the others about their possessions. Let me hear no more of it. Here we are all equal—in God's eyes everyone is. He doesn't care how many fine clothes you have. But mind that all your hearts are nothing less than—pure gold. We want no brass ones."

The girls listened lovingly to their beloved teacher's words, and crowded around, the better to hear her.

"Where is she from?" asked another.

"A town in Alabama. A southern lassie."

"Will she be here in time for May Day?"

"I suppose she will. The Holy Mother is to have a new crown this year. One of our benefactors—you know old Mrs. Anderson who died three months ago—left a provision in her will that all her jewels were to be converted into a crown for our Blessed Lady, to be used on state occasions."

"Oh, Sister! Won't that be wonderful?" cried a chorus of voices. "Who will crown her this year?"

"As usual, the girl with the highest marks for behavior."

"Oh, who is it, Sister?" But Sister Jean shook her head smilingly.

"That will be announced the evening before. So, look to your behavior, girls." The girls looked at each other with arched eyebrows and hunched shoulders. Every one of them wanted the great honor of crowning the Queen of May, but oh, it was so very, very hard! Every little thing counted, and sometimes one just couldn't help having a little joke or trick to while away the monotony of school lessons.

"Gosh! I'll have to get a pair of blinders," whispered one girl to another. Sister Jean turned her head.

"What's that. Using slang again, Mary Ellen? Very well." Out came a little notebook from Sister's sleeve, with tiny pencil attached, and down went a little cross mark beside Mary Ellen's name.

"Oh, Sister! That's not fair. We're not in school now."

"Everything's fair; and you're not to use slang either in or out of school hours."

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Went the bell, and everyone arose and formed into ranks, marching in order to the refectory, Sister Jean at the head.

"Say, wouldn't you love to haze the new girl?" whispered Lillian to Estelle, her chum and partner, taking advantage of Sister's safely turned bonnet.

"Yes, but how are we going to do it without getting bad marks for conduct?" Lillian shrugged and speculated.

"We would have to—" Sister had accidentally turned around, and nothing escaped the bright, watchful eyes.

Out came the little notebook again. Lillian and her partner exchanged rueful glances. Next day at morning recess Helen was asked about the scheme.

"It would be a great idea," she said, "but I'd hate to lose the chance of being maid-of-honor on May Day."

"I guess you'll be it anyway. Sister never seems to catch you at anything," Helen looked demure.

"Well, I haven't done anything for a month, at least. Can't we put off the affair until after May 1st?"

"Shucks—" Lillian looked around to make sure Sister Jean was nowhere in the vicinity—"How can we postpone it? If we let it drag too long, the other girls will have her all wised up."

"No one need know anything about it," put in Estelle. "If our plans are well laid, and she is sworn to secrecy, none of us need suffer. Now, the next question is, who will do it?"

"Helen is tallest, and she has a flashlight," suggested Lillian to her chum.

"I'd be much too small," answered Estelle. Helen laughed derisively.

"A poor excuse is better than none, isn't it? You are both afraid, that's what."

"No, no!"

"Yes, yes! Well, if you're afraid, I'm not, and besides, I'll have all the fun myself. Very well; I'll do it, but remember—it's a secret between the three of us."

"We'll remember."

The following week arrived, and with it, the new girl. Mary Virginia Ellsworth was her name, and she was a slight, pretty, golden-haired girl, with music in her voice, and sweet confiding ways. She soon fell into the trio's hands, and they, very literally, did all they could to make her comfortable, much to the edification of Sister Jean, who looked on approvingly. Helen Warren came from a rich Chicago family, while Lillian and Estelle both came from well-to-do homes, yet they disdained not to perform every service possible for the newcomer.

"I am very much pleased with you three," said Sister, by way of praise on the evening of the girl's arrival. "Keep up the good work. I'm going to give you all a star for good conduct." And out came the little notebook.

The three looked at each other a little shamefacedly, since they knew what was behind all their officiousness.

"But I really mean to keep on being kind to her," said Helen by way of excuse to her friends, after the nun had gone. Lillian began to be conscience-stricken.

"Maybe we'd better drop the whole business. I feel dishonest with that star next to my name."

"Oh, get out! A little harmless fun is no sin. Anyone will tell you that. That's right; get cold feet on me now and back out. It would be just like you."

"Well, I haven't said I would back out. I just felt that those stars weren't honestly come by."

"Pshaw! Outside of our little joke, we can continue being kind until we're blue in the face, can't we? Won't that be honest enough?"

Silenced, they turned to go to chapel, for the habitual evening recitation of the rosary. The next day was

April 30th, and the feast of St. Catherine of Sienna. Sister Jean read a short sketch of her life, and then spoke a few words of her own, adding little incidents of the saint which she had read elsewhere. After study hour they all went to the chapel to rehearse the procession and the coronation of May's Queen.

"Helen," said Sister Jean, "you will take the maid-of-honor's place—*temporarily*. Sh!" as the girls all began congratulating Helen. "I said *temporarily*—just for purposes of rehearsal. The real name will be called off this evening after night prayers." Again Sister was obliged to clap her hands to still the busy hum of low speculating voices which arose after her announcement. "Silence! Put your veils on." The girls had white net veils which they always wore to chapel services, and these, with their black uniforms, white Buster Brown collars and black ties, made a pretty spectacle.

At the noon recess, the four friends sought a secluded bench, and fanned themselves with their handkerchiefs, for the day was waxing warm.

"I do hope it will be beautiful tomorrow for the procession," said Estelle. If the weather permitted, they were to march about the entire convent grounds before they entered the chapel. Mary Virginia's eyes glowed.

"Oh, won't it be a wonderful devotion? I've never attended anything of the kind before, and I never knew I would like boarding school so well. They have such beautiful customs and all." Lillian winked at Helen. It was the signal.

"Yes, we have," replied Helen. "And we have traditions too; you know this convent is here a long time, and one or two sisters were almost saints when they died."

"Oh, is that so? That reminds me of the beautiful life of St. Catherine Sister read us today. And to think that there were saints under this very roof! Tell me more about them."

"Well, there was one old sister who used to spend half the night praying in the chapel; they say she had visions. Her hair turned white over night once. She had a particular devotion to St. Catherine of Sienna, and they say she visits the convent every year on that feast day—at night."

"Ooh! How scary!" said Mary Virginia, her eyes open wide. But the sun was shining brightly, so there was nothing to be afraid of.

"And there was another one," continued Helen, "who had her room on the fourth floor. They don't use that floor any more, except for storage, you know, since the new East wing has been built. But at that time they used the whole fourth floor for the sisters' rooms. This sister was said to have had a vision too, one night, and her footprints are still in the floor, where she stood when it appeared to her. Lillian and I have been up there and seen them, haven't we Lil? And they have left all the furniture in her room just as it was when she lived in it. I suppose they expect her to be beatified some day, and then they will be relics. And at night, if you listen around twelve o'clock, you can hear footsteps overhead. They say she still comes to her room every

night to pray." Mary Virginia's hands were trembling now.

"Oh goodness! I won't be able to fall asleep tonight! I wish Sister had put me in your dormitory; I won't know anyone in No. 2."

"Pshaw! It is too bad," said Estelle. "You could have snuggled into one of our beds until the worst part of the night was over."

"Tell you what you do," put in Lillian. "Suppose you wait until everyone is asleep, and then sneak over to our dormitory. Mine is the third bed from the door, in the first row. But mind you do not make any noise."

"All right; I'll do that. I wouldn't sleep alone tonight for a million dollars. But won't Sister object?"

"Don't say anything about it; in the morning, just at daybreak, you can sneak back."

"I'm so excited, I'm shaking all over," whispered Helen to Lillian as they passed up to the dormitory that night.

"Have you taken your flashlight?"

"Yes, and I stashed the bonnet and veil under my pillow. I'll use the sheet off my bed." Silence; darkness; moonlight flooding through the windows; a warm, perfume-laden Spring breeze filtering in through raised sashes; a chorus of sounds of slow, measured breathing, betokening sleep, and—three pairs of eyes that only simulated sleep. Slowly, with melodious chime, the hall clock gonged off the hour of ten. Everyone had been asleep for an hour now.

In Dormitory No. 2 a slender white form was rising from its bed, and, with noiseless bare feet, crossing the long room, with its rows of white beds bearing sleeping forms. At the end stood the Sister Guardian's bed with its snowy white curtains. Nothing stirred; it was unearthly quiet. Softly Mary Virginia turned the knob of the door and stepped out into the corridor, closing it again softly behind her. Suddenly, a faint glow attracted her attention, and she turned her head. There, gliding toward her, was a tall, white form, with white bonnet and veil, radiating a faint light all about it. There was a shriek and a dull thud, and the form and the light suddenly disappeared.

Immediately thereafter all was fright and hubbub; sisters switched on lights, and the corridor was filling with frightened girls and nuns. There, upon the floor, in the center of the corridor, lay Mary Virginia, in a dead faint. In the excitement, a silent figure was seen stuffing something under the mattress of one of the beds. Then it joined the rest.

"Heavens, I hope she isn't dead!" wailed Helen into Lillian's ear. "Would to God I had never thought of doing it!" Her face was ashen white, and her whole body trembled.

"Hush!" counseled Lillian. "Do you want to give the whole thing away? Lay low, and no one will be any the wiser. Mary Virginia herself will not know what happened to her."

But next morning, everyone was speaking in hushed tones of the poor girl who lay in a dead stupor up in the infirmary, nor had the physician whom they called, been able to rouse her. And if the matter were not so

serious, the trio of schemers could have laughed themselves sick at the stories that were going the rounds of the campus.

"Have you heard?" they said. "The new girl was found in a faint in the corridor last night; it was St. Catherine's day, you know. I've always expected something to happen on that day. Do you suppose she saw Sister Maura? She is said to come back every year, you know. Aileen McArthur saw her last year." And so on.

Through some change of plans, the maid-of-honor's name hadn't been called the night before. Instead, it was announced the morning of May Day at breakfast.

"Helen Warren has the most perfect marks for behavior. The honor goes to her," said Sister Jean smilingly. All the girls began clapping their hands in applause, and all looked to see her bright and smiling. But instead, her cheeks were burning, and her eyes downcast. No one knew what to make of her queer behavior. Suddenly, she burst into tears.

"What is it, dear?" kindly asked Sister.

"I can't be happy when I think of poor Mary Virginia upstairs. I—I'd rather not be maid-of-honor. Please give it to someone else, Sister." Sister was full of compassion.

"Now, don't let that bother you, dear; offer it for her recovery, and I'm sure our Blessed Lady will obtain her cure."

"No, no, Sister; I can't! I won't go! I'm not worthy of the honor. Give it to someone who deserves it more." Sister was astonished by such a display of humility.

"Well, if you insist, I'll name Lillian Anthony as the next best in her marks." Then it was Lillian's turn to blush.

"But Sister I—please Sister, I—I talked a few times, and you didn't know it. You'd better give it to the next girl." Sister shook her head. It was past understanding.

"Well, Estelle, I suppose you will say you are not worthy either if I put up your name? You are next in line." Estelle arose, her cheeks flaming.

"Yes, Sister, I do. Much as I would like the honor, I feel that I would be cheating someone else more worthy." Sister threw down her notebook.

"Well! Did anyone ever hear of anything so ridiculous? One after another refusing the greatest honor of the year! What has come over you three?" Helen arose, still sobbing.

"Sister, I'll tell you what it is. I am the cause of poor Mary Virginia's illness, and if she dies, I will never forgive myself. I hazed her." Sister's eyes opened wide.

"You—what?"

"I dressed up as a ghost and scared her as she was crossing the corridor." Sister Jean's eyes were blazing with indignation. "And you two?" she asked.

"We helped her to scheme it all out—in fact, I suggested it," said Lillian.

"So! Do you know what will happen to you if the girl dies?" The culprits shivered with apprehension. Then a sudden silvery laugh filled the air. Mary Virginia entered the room assisted by Sister Berenice.

"It's all right, Sister. I'm not dead. And I must say, Helen made the realest ghost I ever expect to see. But please forgive her; she meant no harm, I'm sure. I'll know better next time."

Then Helen begged Mary's pardon, and afterwards, flung herself on her knees before Sister Jean.

"Oh, Sister, please do not report me to Mother Josephine? She would suspend me, I am sure. I promise never, never to do it again."

"Well, I'll see; and you two?"

"Oh, Sister, please don't tell on us! We promise never to suggest any schemes to anybody or break any more rules." Suddenly everyone arose, and "Good morning, Reverend Mother," was heard in chorus.

Mother Josephine pretended to be very, very angry, and rated the culprits roundly, although the girls declared afterwards, that there was a twinkle in her eye.

"I have a mind to suspend all three of you," she said. "Had Mary here died, you would be singing quite a different song. Well, I'll leave you here on probation." A girl down the line raised her hand.

"Well, Elizabeth?"

"I suggest that we name Mary Virginia as maid-of-honor to the Blessed Virgin today." Mother Josephine looked at the rows of eager faces.

"What do you say, girls? All in favor raise hands." Every hand in the room was raised.

Elizabeth Seton

(Foundress of Sisters of Charity in United States)

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Bayley, and she was born in New York City on Aug. 28, 1774. She came of a noted family, and one of her relatives was James Roosevelt Bayley, who became a convert from the Episcopal Church, and afterwards, Archbishop of Baltimore. The late Theodore Roosevelt took pride in the fact that Elizabeth Seton was a connection of his family.

She was herself an Episcopalian, and even as a child, was remarkably devout, and edified everybody by her recollection and fervor during the Episcopal services. She loved the Bible, prized the Imitation of Christ, and the crucifix was especially dear to her. Every night she wrote out an examination of conscience, a practice which she kept up even after she "came out" in the brilliant New York society.

When Elizabeth was nineteen, she married William Seton, son of a wealthy New York merchant. It was a happy marriage. They went to live with his people in their great house in New York, and she soon became the beloved companion of the eldest of his sisters, with whom she often went on charitable expeditions to the poor. They were lovingly known as the "Protestant Sisters of Charity."

Later, they went to live in a house of their own. They had four children. When the eldest, Anna, was eight years old, the father began to fail in health, and a trip abroad was advised. They took this child with them to Italy. But the invalid's health did not improve; instead, he grew weaker and weaker, until finally he

succumbed. The young widow went to live with a good Catholic family for a time, friends of her husband, and there she had a good opportunity to observe the devout practice of the Catholic faith. Her hosts lent her Catholic books and did all they could to make her see the light. But it was not until some time after she returned to America that she was converted, a time marked with many struggles and valiant gropings toward the light.

Finally, she entered the Church, and then began a period of persecution by her own family. She tried several times to teach school, but each time, the pupils were taken away from her by the agitation of bigots who claimed she was trying to proselytize them. Our Lord led her by devious ways to the final design He had in mind—that is, the establishing of a religious community, with Elizabeth as its foundress.

She began in a two-story house, where several young women joined her, her daughters also being with her. It was a long hard journey uphill, but the sisters laughed light-heartedly at their makeshifts, for peace was in their hearts, and their work was God's. They suffered from the cold, their habits were patched, and sometimes they had nothing to eat. But they never murmured, and thus, in poverty and lowliness was established the great institution of the Sisters of Charity.

The Art of Cheerfulness

Yes, verily it is an art—to be cheerful under any and all circumstances. To have oneself so in hand, so under control, that nothing that may occur to us, however bad, can stir us out of the solid philosophy that God is good, the world is still going around, the sun still shines regardless of what misfortune falls.

There was a woman—she is hardly past middle age, yet her hair are grey from the fiery ordeal she underwent. She and her husband began life together in easy circumstances—he had inherited a sizable sum of money from a relative. The children came, everything was prospering; he had launched an enterprise—a foundry; put every cent he owned into it. All went well; orders poured in, and being a good employer, he had no labor troubles. One night he gave a gay dinner in honor of his wife's birthday, and in the midst of the merriment—the fire bells were heard.

Everyone ran to the window. "Must be a big fire," every one said. Bells were heard from all directions. They returned to the table and thought no more of it for an hour. Then the telephone rang: "Mr. F— your foundry is on fire!"

Imagine the shock to the assembled company; the wife's face went white. The husband, with the men, dashed into their machines and flew to the scene. The other guests left, and the wife, left alone, spent the time on her knees upstairs until grey dawn brought her ashen-faced husband with the news that they had lost all. "Never mind," said the brave woman, hiding her own grief. "I'll go down to our farm with the children until you can get on your feet." They went; but the husband sickened, and in a short time, died. The farm

was mortgaged, and the wife made a brave battle alone; but bad crops and other disasters left her without funds. The interest on the mortgage due, she was unable to pay, and so she lost her last foothold and came back to the city with her four children. Since then she has eked out a living by her own keen wits. Being an accomplished woman, she drew on every talent and put it to work. Sickness has drained her slender savings several times, but she always begins over again, and if one looks into her kitchen of a morning, she will be found singing over her breakfast-making, and one would think she had never a care in the world.

"How in the world do you keep so cheerful after all you've been through?" a friend asked one day.

"Why shouldn't I be? If I went about with a long face and complained and cried all day, I should be rebelling against God. Surely whatever He wants is all right. I sometimes long for the luxury of a good cry, but when I see the sun shining, and the green grass, and the happy children outside at play, I feel ashamed of myself. Besides, I never let my children see me sad, and I enjoy making my own living. You would be surprised how many different ways there are to do it, and I am too busy to be sorrowful."

Recipes

STUFFED DATES: Remove stones from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh dates. Break an egg-white into a bowl, add 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons chopped, preserved ginger, and confectioner's sugar to make a stiff paste. Work to a creamy mass and stuff dates with it. If liked, walnuts or pecans may be added. Roll dates in sugar and pack in box lined with wax paper.

ANGEL CAKE: $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chilled egg whites (about 7) $\frac{1}{4}$ cup ice cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Pour all on platter and beat into froth. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, beat again, then $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, added by the tablespoon and folded in. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract. Fold in 1 cup sifted cake flour and bake in slow oven—250 to 300° F. from 50 to 60 minutes.

ANGEL CAKE DESSERTS: Cut cake into slices. On each slice place large spoon of flavored and sweetened whipped cream. Sprinkle on grated coconut and top with cherry.

With a fork break cake into chunks. Pour chocolate icing over each piece and allow to harden.

Put square piece of angel cake into sherbet glass; upon this place slice of pineapple slit nearly through in four and five places, so as to break easily. Pour over syrup made with pineapple juice and sugar, top with whipped cream and cherry.

Household Hints

When beans burn in the pot, quickly drain off water and throw beans into another pot, being careful not to scrape off those which are sticking to bottom. Rinse them in two or three clear waters and put on to boil

again with a little salt, and the burnt taste will have disappeared.

Ammonia in water makes glassware glitter.

To make a cheap floor stain, mix powdered burnt umber with vinegar—10¢ worth to a quart of vinegar will do two or three rooms.

When children's stockings become worn at the knees, cut off and use for socks.

If your iron has become overheated, wet a cloth in cold water and rub iron over it. If not enough, re-wet and repeat.

If sewing machine works hard, oil well with kerosene, work for five minutes and let stand awhile. Then wipe off thoroughly and oil with regular machine oil. It will run light as a feather.

Closets need frequent airing if they are not to be stuffy. A good way is to leave them open at night; by morning all stuffiness will have disappeared. In kitchen pantries, where there is no window, sometimes the odor of groceries and foodstuffs clings. Open the door, and swing open and shut swiftly several times. This draws out all odors and pumps in fresh air. If the odor is obstinate, repeat the operation frequently.

Needlework Design



Now that mothers are busy making brother a lot of new Spring rompers, and sister pretty new school dresses, it may not be amiss to give a few designs, such as are being used so extensively, to give a touch of individuality to children's clothes. There are seven motifs—Goosie Gander, Teddy Bear, cherries, bluebird,

spray, scalloped applique panel with conventionalized rose, and Peter Rabbit. These may be used on pockets, or in lower left and right hand corners of skirt, just above the hem, or, if the hem is very wide, right on the hem. One pretty little slip was of pink linen, with collar and sleeves hemstitched in black, with spray on each sleeve, pockets, and repeated on hem. Or the animals and birds may be embroidered on another piece of cloth, and then applied on the dress. The designs are also appropriate for nursery curtains, bed spreads, dresser scarfs and pillow slips. A row of Goosie Ganders on pillow slips are very fetching. Price 15¢ for the seven. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 3343A S. Compton, St. Louis, Mo., for needlework designs.

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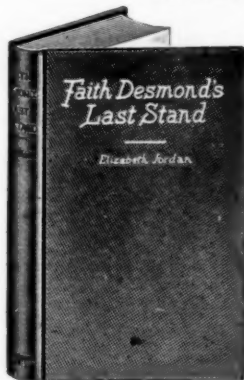
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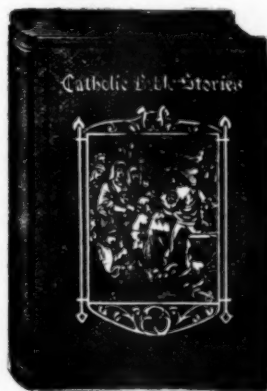
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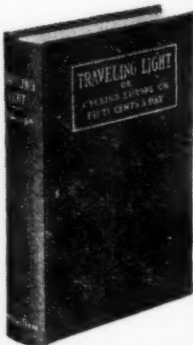
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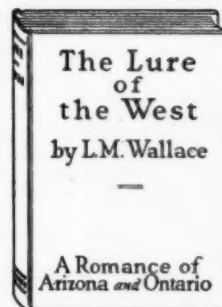
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